VOL. XVI. No. 3 JANUARY, 1919 No. 63

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W. 1, England. Price, 5s.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XVI., No. 3.

PAGE

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM 209
NOTES AND COMMENTS 211
FRAGMENTS 216
VANITY 217
FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR 226
MARTIN LUTHER 236
ALSACE AND LORRAINE, PART III, SECTION II (*Cont'd*) . 249
THE TIDE OF LIFE (*Reprint*) 258
WHY SHOULD I WANT TO BE A SAINT? 272
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME 283
RESOLUTIONS 292
REVIEWS 297
The Promise of the Air; Karma; Love Eternal; The Ghost Garden; A Defense of Idealism.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS 301
Living in the Kingdom of Heaven; Socialism and Materialism.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1905, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894

Copyright, 1919, by The Theosophical Society

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM, the Editor-in-Chief of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, is dead. He died on Monday afternoon, December 30th.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

VARD COLLEGE
JAN 20 1919

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1919

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Great War and the Great Initiation

READERS of the Theosophical Quarterly who are acquainted with the Bhagavad Gita have been struck, again and again, with the likeness between the events portrayed in that most martial of Scriptures and the happenings of the World War: the opposing armies, drawn up in battle array; on the one side, Arjuna and his brothers; on the other side, the forces of the Kurus. The one army, Arjuna and the Pandus, ill-equipped and poorly organized; the other army, the Kuru forces, magnificently ranged in order so strong as to fill even Arjuna with dismay, so that, valiant warrior though he was, he sank down broken-hearted in his chariot, ready to give up the fight; the typical "defeatist" of the Kurukshetra field.

Here are the prototypes of the armies of the Allies and of Germany, as they faced each other on the new Kurukshetra, the battle plains of France and Flanders. And, to complete the parallel, with the armies of the Pandu Allies was Krishna, the Avatar, the plenary Incarnation of the Logos, the visible representative of the Lodge of Masters, Supreme Agent, for that decisive war, of the invincible White Lodge; inspiring, dominating, leading, as the White Lodge, through its present Agents, has dominated the present war.

It would be of high value to push the comparison in detail, for this comparison would bring into relief the spiritual forces in the present war; while, on the other hand, since the details of recent fighting are fresh and living in our minds, it would give to the doings at Kurukshetra a new reality and significance. But there is another aspect of the matter that is still more vital. The Bhagavad Gita has, without doubt, as its first nucleus, a cycle of war-ballads, dating, in all likelihood, from the days of the contest itself, and thus presenting an authentic record of that momentous struggle. But the Bhagavad Gita is something more than a

"war book" of Ancient India; it is a "war book" also of another sort, a Scripture of the eternal spiritual warfare, the conflict of the Soul with the Powers of Evil. The original nucleus of war-ballads has been taken and worked over by those who were masters of these high themes. It has been so remodelled and dramatized, in the light of the authentic experiences of those who had passed through the eternal conflict and won the victory, that it represents, not only a history of the battle of Kurukshetra, but a history also of the supreme mystery, which has been called the Great Initiation.

The best explicit account of that mysterious ceremony, which is, at the same time, something far more than a ceremony, is, perhaps, that which is contained in the closing dramatic chapters of *The Idyl of the White Lotus*. That account, tradition says, was dictated to an Initiate, by a still higher Initiate, a Master. *The Idyl of the White Lotus,* so far as the writing of it is concerned, was begun by a candidate for discipleship, who, later, strayed far from the true path into the dangerous by-ways of psychism. But this candidate-disciple was unable to complete the task of writing down what the Master, who inspired the story, dictated; the work, therefore, was taken up by H. P. Blavatsky, who wrote the concluding chapters under the direct guidance of the Master who later inspired the golden sentences of *Light on the Path.*

Those who know *The Idyl of the White Lotus* will remember—and those who do not would be well-advised to ascertain—that the candidate for the Great Initiation passed, as a preparation for it, through great trials, great temptations, through grave moral failure and valiant spiritual recovery; until the point was reached for the final and decisive struggle between that disciple's Soul and the mighty and arrogant Forces of Evil. When the disciple, having passed through the earlier trials, with many failures and many brave recoveries, saw clearly the impending contest and determined to enter it—to overcome or die—the hour for the Great Initiation struck. The scene that follows is one of great splendor and solemnity, a high water mark in theosophical literature, containing sentences that every student of Theosophy should know by heart; should, indeed, inscribe upon the tablets of his heart, against the trials of the Great Day.

There appear to the candidate for Initiation the Souls of those who have already passed through the gates of the death of self into the world of the Eternal, and the candidate enters into reverent communion with them. This scene, it is said, represents the central fact of the Great Mystery, in which the Soul of the candidate is united with, and shares the full consciousness of, not only his own immediate Guru or Master, but also of that Guru's Guru, of the greater Guru above both, of all the Masters on that ray, in ascending series, up to, and beyond, the holy

portals of Nirvana; sharing, thus, during the ceremony of Initiation, the full consciousness of the Logos, the host of the Dhyan Chohans. During the ceremony, it is said that full sunlight of splendor irradiates the disciple's consciousness, so that he perceives even his final goal, the highest conceivable attainment in the life of the Eternal. But, when the ceremony is ended, there is a sudden narrowing of the horizon: the disciple now sees only that part of the path which is immediately before him; his consciousness is limited to a clear vision only of his proximate goal—with the terrible toil, the hard trials which must be overcome, before that proximate goal is reached. When that new victory is won, after prolonged and courageous fighting, there will dawn the holy day of a new Initiation, a new and plenary revelation of the splendid vision of the Eternal. And thus, by arduous step after step, the mountain of the Eternal will be climbed.

This same vision of the Eternal is the theme of the central episode of the Bhagavad Gita, when Arjuna, after many heart-breaking trials, is vouchsafed the revelation of Krishnu's everlasting Being; is caught up into the vast and splendid spiritual life of his Master, and, through that Master, becomes one, for the time being, with the full consciousness of Avalokita-Ishvara, the august life of the Logos manifested, which, in the mystical language of the Himalayan Schools, is called the Host of the Dhyan Chohans. It would be profitable, perhaps, to study these great and mystical chapters of the Bhagavad Gita precisely in this light: as an unveiling of the mystery of the Great Initiation, and of its central event, the blending of the consciousness of the disciple with the full consciousness of that disciple's Master, and, through the Master's consciousness, with the plenary consciousness of the Logos, the manifested Eternal. And it would be well, perhaps, clearly to understand that this blending is possible solely because the Soul of the disciple is, in the ultimate analysis, one with the Logos; the Great Initiation rests on that supreme dogma: "the identity of all souls with the Oversoul." The Great Initiation is simply the revelation of that already existent reality, bringing into the consciousness of the disciple that supreme and ultimate oneness, which has been from all eternity; the fundamental reality, through which alone that Soul, that disciple, has real and spiritual Being. Therefore the Great Initiation, while it is a ceremony, is also far more than a ceremony. It is the revelation of the final spiritual reality, the great and everlasting rock on which the Universe rests.

But if the Bhagavad Gita, and the conflict which it depicts, be a representation of the Great Initiation; and if there be a deep and fundamental likeness between the war at Kurukshetra and the great World War, through which all the more vital nations of the world have passed; then it would seem to follow that there must be certain deep and close

relations between the World War and the mystery depicted in the Bhagavad Gita, the mystery of the Great Initiation.

And, as we look closer into the World War, we shall see the analogies multiply; the fundamental likeness stands out clear. There were the preliminary temptations, humiliating failures, valorous recoveries. There was the supreme vision of the Eternal, of the Logos, the Lord, as the true combatant. And it would seem that not so much the individual leaders, or even disciples in the Allied armies, were the candidates in this Initiation; but rather the collective soul, the *logos,* of each of the allied nations. It is quite true that there were individuals—such a one, perhaps, was Marshal Foch—who quite clearly recognized, each his own Master, as Protagonist in the conflict, and with full consciousness united his will to the will of his Master, throughout the struggle. So, perhaps, we may think that, if, among the large contingents sent from India, there were disciples, these men may have consciously and quite rightly recognized the leadership of Masters of the Indian Lodge; so also with forces from Egypt, or from territories within the sphere of influence of the Far Eastern Lodges.

Yet it would appear to be true that, if these possible exceptions be excepted, the real candidates in the Great Initiation of the World War were the *logoi* of the Allied nations, their collective souls. And if this be true, and it is well worth considering, as a good hypothesis, then we shall have a new clue, and one of the highest value and interest, to the purpose of the Lodge of Masters, in allowing the World War to take place, and in guiding it as they did. We may in this way gain a most valuable insight into the further elements of that purpose, as it affects the time to come.

There is one prospect which it is of the utmost importance clearly to see and understand. In what was said of the tradition of the Great Initiation, it appeared that, after the solemn ceremony is ended, there remains in the consciousness of the candidate, no longer the clear vision of the Eternities, the immensity of the Supreme Soul, but rather a strictly limited view of the proximate goal, the next immediate objective of that disciple's effort, the task immediately in hand; yet with the haunting presence of the greater vision, as a well-spring of perennial inspiration. But, in the concrete, there is a clear view only of difficult problems, of serious dangers, of grave trials and temptations. And tradition affirms that these temptations must be immediately faced and fought. And here lies the gravity of the danger: of our own danger, as members of the Allied nations, the *logoi* of which took part in this Great Initiation.

Perhaps the most formidable danger, as it is the most subtle temptation, is—vanity. Let each of us look well to this, seeking to clothe ourselves in the armour of humility. But there will be also abundant

temptation to the latent materialism in each one of us, and to all the persuasive passions and appetites in us, by which that materialism expresses itself. Temptations, also, of cowardice, suspicion, unfaith; all the batteries of the lower self and the Powers of Evil. Let us not, because of this, suffer the least discouragement; nor for a moment lose the haunting memory of our vision; for the instant incidence of these temptations shows this and this alone: that we have already begun the inevitable contest, the necessary advance, toward our proximate goal. The trials on the way are our best guide-posts. And, if we fight our way valiantly forward, and win that goal, this will mean victory and a still more splendid regaining of our vision of splendor, a new and higher Initiation into the Eternal Good.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

—George Herbert.

FRAGMENTS

MEN said the War was over. And I wondered!

The end had come so swiftly; I was confused, bewildered,—it did not seem to have ended.

Instead of the roar of guns there was silence. No shells were screaming. The birds flew overhead undisturbed.

There was nothing but that silence apparently,—a dreadful pall of silence that covered one knew not what. I was confused, bewildered. I waited, anxious, suspicious.

Across the waste of desolate country I saw two angels passing. Brothers, I cried, men say the War has ended.

They looked at me and at one another; their eyes were red with weeping. Then, seeing my trouble, with tender compassion one said: Men live in a world of shadows; they see a dream for a fact, and a truth for a fancy. They soared to heights of valour, but they did not perceive the issues. Now their hearts are weary. Have patience with them and take courage. Christ and His hosts are still fighting; the battle wages fiercely. We go to join them; and all the dead are fighting. Help with your prayers and your strivings. The end is yet far off. CAVÉ.

VANITY

THE dictionaries define vanity, pride and conceit in substantially the same words. Stormonth says vanity is "empty pride inspired by an overweening opinion of one's own importance"; pride is having "an unreasonably high opinion of one's own superiority"; conceit is "having too high an opinion of one's self." Webster's definitions are so nearly identical that it is obvious that Stormonth must have copied them. Webster says vanity is "empty pride inspired by an overweening conceit of one's personal attainments."

There must be a difference between these faults, and perhaps an effort to analyse them may be useful in self-examination.

The devotional books have much to say about pride, which they use to cover what is usually called vanity as well as the objectionable characteristics which are more properly classified under pride. There are some fine qualities which are called pride, and are quite properly so called. We are describing desirable possessions when we speak of a man's pride of birth, his pride in his country or race, his pride in his family traditions; all those feelings which compel him to live in accordance with a high standard of integrity and honour. The saint must have this kind of pride; the pride that makes it impossible for him to do anything that is mean, or trivial, or useless, or vulgar, or ignoble; the pride that is content with nothing less than the highest possible achievement; the pride that insists upon perfection of detail in every performance; or the pride that scorns love of comfort, or self-indulgence, or any kind of weakness, emotion, or sentimentality.

Let us, however, try to analyse the wrong kind of pride, and let us distinguish if we can between pride, vanity and conceit. There is something big about even the wrong kind of pride. The reason why we have an unduly high opinion of our own accomplishments, is not because we do not have the accomplishments, but because we give a false value to them. It would be vanity if the illusion consisted in attributing accomplishments to ourselves which we did not possess.

Pride is to value unduly a quality or attainment which we really do possess.

Vanity is to be under the delusion that we possess a quality or attainment that we really do not possess. A beautiful woman may be proud of her beauty. A vain woman thinks she is beautiful when she is not. Conceit is fatuous self-praise which we give ourselves, either for the things we are proud of, or vain about. There is something contemptible and unclean about it. Another distinction is this. A beautiful woman may be proud of her beauty without over valuing it. If she over values

it, she is conceited. If she isn't beautiful, but thinks she is, she is vain. Vanity includes conceit, but does not include pride. A really proud person would scorn to be vain.

Still another distinction is this. Pride is a matter of what we feel about ourselves. Conceit is the evidence we give others of having too high an opinion of ourselves. Vanity is a question of what we want others to think of us. There is an element of self in all three; inflated self in pride, distorted self in conceit, and deluded self in vanity. We can be proud of our cleverness and be clever enough not to show it. Or we can be conceited about it, which means that we do show it. Or we can think ourselves clever while really we are not, in which case we are vain. A vain person cannot hide his vanity, for he is pretending to something he does not possess. Very stupid observers might call him conceited, because they thought he really had what he pretended to have, but he would be vain in fact.

Self-deception and self-delusion are carried so far by all of us that sometimes we are conceited when we ought to be called and really are vain; that is, we pretend so hard that we are something we really are not, and have done it so long, that we finally plume ourselves upon an attainment which we really do not possess, and we become conceited about it. People are proud of being proud, while really they are only vain and do not know it. That sounds subtile, but is rather common.

Pride is the defective operation of a virtue, which perhaps may be defined as Humility. Vanity is its polar opposite. Every spiritual quality has its defective operation or negative aspect, and its polar opposite. A defective operation or negative aspect of a virtue is a fault. Its polar opposite is a sin.

VIRTUE	FAULT	SIN
Love	Indifference	Self-love
Loyalty	Partiality	Treachery
Courage	Timidity	Cowardice
Bravery	Recklessness	Fear
Patience	Insensibility	Irritability
Sympathy	Coldness	Cruelty

Sin is undiluted lower nature. A fault is some impulse or force of higher nature which has been distorted by lower nature. Vanity is composed wholly of lower nature. There is nothing in it anywhere that can redeem it. It is of the devil and must be killed out. Pride can be purified, for it is based on a fact; vanity cannot, for it is based on delusion.

Strictly speaking, love is not a quality or virtue; it is a combination or synthesis of virtues, and is the essence of spirituality. Self-love likewise is not a single fault, but is the essence of lower nature—the personality. It is the essential quality of the devil, of the Black Lodge. Love makes a saint, self-love, if carried too far, makes a devil.

Vanity, then, is not only despicable, but is dangerous, for it partakes of the nature of the devil; it is essentially evil. Furthermore, it is extraordinarily subtle, far reaching and deep seated. It is the sin which most often undermines and weakens all our efforts to be good, and it operates in countless different ways. If a proud person is scolded, the scolding does him no good, for it pours off his mind like water off a duck's back. His pride makes him impermeable, or, if the conditions are different, it may make him angry; it "hurts his pride." But when a vain person is scolded, he is either grieved, or resentful, or sullen. A person may be too proud to make excuses, but a vain person always excuses himself, at least to himself, if not outwardly. His mind will keep busy for hours after a scolding, justifying, excusing, denying, explaining, resenting, and often making counter accusations. Vanity is at the root of all disloyalty, of thought or deed.

Vanity is the antithesis of humility, "that underlying virtue without which all other virtues are spurious"; and just because humility must underlie all other virtues, so vanity must underlie all other faults. Of course, no one would ever commit a sin if he were not vain enough to think he knew better than God what was good for him.

We sometimes hear the expression, "harmless vanity," by which we seem to mean that in a world where most people are objectionably vain, we occasionally come across some evidence of vanity which we look upon good naturedly.

While this article was being written, the writer's son came into the room in a new suit of clothes. After he had gone out, a friend remarked that he looked very well. The writer instantly and automatically said, "Yes, I took him to the tailor, selected the cloth and supervised the measurements." The friend, who knew the writer was working on an article on "vanity," looked amused and mildly suggested that the writer analyse his last remark. It was sheer vanity. It had, and could have no other purpose in the world than self-glorification. The writer wanted the credit for the nice clothes, for the good taste, for any praise of any kind that was passing around. The friend was good enough to add that it was quite a characteristic remark. It was appalling to realize that that was true. The writer acknowledged that the remark was prompted by vanity, he called it harmless vanity, and added that every one did and said things like that all the time. The friend pointed out that there was no such thing as harmless vanity, and that the final refuge of the vain man, detected in a fault, was to comfort himself with the reflection that all the world had the same fault! It certainly is an insidious sin.

The Zoroastrians have a suggestive legend about the contest between the principle of good, Ahura Mazda, and the principle of evil, Angra Mainyu, which is here condensed from March, 1891, number of *Lucifer*. The first made all good and beautiful things, the second systematically spoiled the work. He gave roses thorns, gave fire smell and smoke, and introduced death into the world. The one made useful and clean animals,

the other wild and bloodthirsty beasts. "It is thine envy," said the Holy One to the evil-hearted fiend, "thou art incapable of producing a beautiful and harmless being, O cruel Angra Mainyu."

The arch fiend laughed and said he could, and forthwith he created the loveliest bird the world had ever seen. It was a majestic peacock, the emblem of vanity and selfishness, which is self-adulation indeed.

"Let it be the King of Birds," quoth the Dark One, "and let man worship him and act after his fashion."

From that day the peacock became the messenger through which the arch fiend is invoked by some and propitiated by all men.

"How often does one see strong-hearted men and determined women moved by a strong aspiration toward an ideal they know to be a true one, battling successfully, to all appearance, with Angra Mainyu and conquering him. The external *selves* have been the battleground of a most terrible, deadly strife between the two opposing Principles; but they have stood firmly and won. The dark enemy seems conquered; it is crushed in fact, so far as the animal instincts are concerned. Personal selfishness, that greed for self only, the begetter of most of the evils, has vanished; and every lower instinct, melting like soiled icicles under the beneficent ray of Ahura Mazda, has disappeared, making room for better and holier aspirations. Yet, there lurks in them their old and but partially destroyed vanity, that spark of personal pride, which is the last to die in man. Dormant it is, latent and invisible, to all, including their own consciousness, but there it is still. Let it awake but for an instant, and the seemingly crushed out personality comes back to life at the sound of its voice, arising from its grave like an unclean ghoul at the command of the midnight incantator. Five hours—nay, five minutes even—of life under its fatal sway may destroy the work of years of self-control and training, and of laborious work in the service of Ahura Mazda, to open wide the door anew to Angra Mainyu." (H. P. B.'s comment, not verbally quoted.)

How may we best attack the sin of vanity? What practices can we follow to eradicate this insidious and corrupting evil from our hearts? The immediate answer is simple. We have been told repeatedly that when we want to conquer a fault the best method is not to make a direct attack upon it, but to cultivate the opposite virtue. Humility, as we have seen, is the opposite of vanity, therefore our real task is to acquire humility.

A valuable analysis of the subject by another student is as follows:

The truth seems to be, that all life, and, above all, all spiritual life, comes to us from above, as a gift from our Master, as, indeed, an undivided part of the Master's life and substance.

So long as we aspire, reverently sending the current of our aspiration upward, the Master can give us life (both natural and spiritual) from above, as a return current.

But, when we turn the current of aspiration, not toward the Master, but toward self, the personal self, then we check the Master's power to give us life. If our self-worship were complete, this would mean, and cause, inevitable death, since no more life could be given to us from above. But we appear to mix self-worship with worship of the Master, thereby making our aspiration impure, and degrading the gift of life the Master has given us, and is giving us.

Our remnant of aspiration (itself a gift of the Master, because it is the reaction toward the Master of that part of his life with which he originally endowed us, thereby giving us life) continues to draw down on us the Master's gifts, of the substance of his life; which our impurity, our self-worship, continues to degrade.

Speaking truly, I can perceive no power of insight or energy in myself (and this includes, besides thought and will directed toward spiritual things, also all insight and energy directed to temporal and secular work, and all physical energy also) which is not the direct gift, imparted from himself by the Master; and I can see no power, of insight or energy, which I have not degraded, by taking it to myself, by self-worship. The first step in Vanity seems to concern oneself: to be the pleasure one takes in saying to oneself: "*I* have these powers; I am clever, able, keen, strong, eloquent, handsome, and so on." The second step concerns others. I get my pleasure in having other people think (or in persuading myself that they think) that I am clever, able, eloquent, handsome. And at this point, dishonesty becomes more manifest, for I am quite willing to trick people into believing me even cleverer, abler, than I believe myself to be. In reality, however, this willingness to deceive others does not in fact deceive them; for they say to each other (and, if they have a sincere regard for me, they say also to me) that I am conceited, insufferably vain.

But Vanity probably never stops at Vanity. Its central principle, self-worship, is, in fact, the fundamental principle of evil, and can, and probably will, lead to any and all evil, to dishonesty, treachery, uncleanness.

I think that this fashion in which Vanity steals the Master's gifts and life-force is what is meant by the words: "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers." (John, 10, 8.)

Perhaps the Master, looking down on us with compassion, has been watching this evil process of degradation taking place within us; yet has seen that there is still some small part of the life he has given us, still uncorrupted in us, acting as aspiration, though impure aspiration; and, by virtue of this remnant of his original gift, he sees that there is still the possibility of helping us. Or perhaps he can help us in virtue of his goodness and grace alone.

At any rate, seeing us wrapped in our evil delusion, he will try, at first (and this is my own experience), to awaken some spark of humility,

acting both directly, through his own radiant light, and indirectly, through his servants, who may have affection and regard for us; he will first, therefore, try, with passionate longing, to make us see for ourselves the evil and shame of Vanity, and how miserably we are its slaves; to show us the beauty of Humanity, and how completely we lack it.

If he succeeds in kindling even the smallest spark of Humility, then I think he will cherish it with loving care, until it grows to a fire, able to burn up Vanity. But if all his efforts, immediate and mediate, fail to awaken in us any shame or Humility, then he is powerless, and can only wait until we bring ourselves into disaster and disgrace, through the inevitable action of the dishonesty and uncleanness of that self-worship, of which Vanity is the mental expression.

So we come, through disaster and disgrace, to a burning sense of shame, to extreme humiliation, which is, in truth, the Master's most precious gift, and the one which costs him the bitterest sacrifice, because he can only kindle it in us by imparting it from himself; by tasting a far deeper shame and humiliation in our sin, than we ourselves are as yet able to feel. He must simply take the whole of our sin to himself and feel its full horror and hideousness as it stands contrasted with his own radiant purity. So we make a path of mire for our Master's feet.

Yet I am persuaded that if, through humiliation, we at last gain even a grain of Humility, the Master will count his suffering and ours as so much pure gain; such is his self-forgetting love.

There seems to me to be a grave danger in this extreme of humiliation, a danger that is one reason why the Master tries so hard and so patiently to lead us to Humility by the gentler way of our own self-understanding. This danger is, that we may either obstinately set ourselves against confession and contrition (for full and free confession is a true sacrament, and the royal road to contrition), and by our obstinacy become obdurate; or we may, through the bitter realization of our shame, be driven to despair, as Saint Catherine of Siena says.

So, just at this point, I think, the Master lavishes all the riches of his tenderness to save us from despair—and thereby begins to work the miracle which transforms humiliation into Humility. For I think that, while humiliation is the overwhelming sense of our own shame, Humility is something infinitely greater and more precious, namely, something of the Master himself, a touch, by our souls, of the Master's own nature and life, with its beauty, its splendour, its tender love, its self-obliterating sacrifice. I think that true Humility only comes when one's entire thought and attention (formerly concentrated in self-worship on one's own personality) are concentrated on, and held in, the Master, with the sense of his infinite, ceaseless sacrifice for us—for me, personally; with the sense of what my sins have cost him, in shame, in pain, in fear for my destruction, in keenly solicitous anxiety for my salvation.

Therefore I think that, following after such humiliation as has brought heart-breaking shame, the best way to seek Humility is, to seek

the Master, as he is in his sacrifice; by study, meditation, prayer based on the Passion, on the Stations of the Cross, the devotion which led to the foundation of the Order of the Passion.

And it will be made abundantly clear to one, by direct experience, that the bent, the mental habit, of Vanity, of self-worship, is very strongly entrenched both in heart and mind; that there are two tendencies in one's heart at the same time: the desire to seem humble, to be thought humble, side by side with some small element of real love of Humility; and that the former is just as alert, as tricky, as dangerous as ever. The war against Vanity is, indeed, so difficult and dangerous, that the only possible hope of victory, of gaining real Humility, lies in the gifts of the Master's grace, so generously imparted from hour to hour, and still, after so much experience, so often abused.

St. Bernard says that "There are two kinds of humility, that of the mind or understanding, by which, reflecting on his own misery and baseness, a man comes to despise himself, and esteem himself worthy of being despised; and that of the will, by virtue of which he desires to be despised and humbled by every one." "Without humility of the understanding, that of the will cannot be acquired," comments Father Lasance. He further says, "Humility of the understanding consists in esteeming one's self as sinful as one really is." "A true self-knowledge begets humility." All the good in us comes from the Master, and we owe it to Him. The humble man keeps this truth ever before his eyes, and therefore does not praise or glorify himself. He remembers that he is responsible for his sins, for having distorted and soiled the powers given him by his Master, and that all that is good in him is not himself, but the Master. Love of God and contempt of self are the foundations of a holy life.

Powers and graces are not causes of pride, if we remember their source. We pervert them the moment we consider them our own. At that instant self, and therefore evil, enters in. If I have a good memory, my attitude should be that the Master was very good to share His memory with me to the extent that he has, and that I have been a faithless and unprofitable servant to have trained His gift so badly, and to have used it so much for my own gratification, instead of for His work and as He would have had me use it.

The second practice of Humility is to remember that without the Master's constant help we can do nothing, literally nothing. We are but helpless puppets in the grasp of the titanic forces of nature. Not one of us could survive in the simple struggle for bare existence if it were not for the help we receive. We could not obtain food, or shelter, or clothing for ourselves and our families. Everything, even the air we breathe, the water we drink, the ground we walk on, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, we owe to a higher Power than any we can wield. True, we plant corn and cotton, and we speak of "raising" cattle, but could we make them grow? Do we make them grow? We can make an egg hatch out a chicken, but can we make an egg? Always at the basis of everything,

even our elementary physical necessities, there is a free gift from the gods without which we should perish off the face of the earth, and probably out of existence altogether.

And in higher things it is equally true. How soon did Peter stultify his proud boast when left to himself? "Even though I should die, I will not deny thee." Just on the fringe of each one's life is a vast realm of possibilities, all beyond our knowledge and beyond our control, and any one of which would engulf us.

Thirdly, if you fall, get up and go on bravely and uncomplainingly. Impatience with yourself indicates want of humility. It is in a time of temptation and sin that you must trust and rely more than ever upon the help of the Master. Sin should lead to contrition and humility, therefore we may make our very sins rungs in the ladder up which we climb to Heaven. And remember never to treat another sinner with disdain or contempt. "Instruct such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Another excellent practice of humility is never to prefer one's self to another. Let us think of our own sins, our own weaknesses. We know them. We do not know another's. We do not know how many hidden virtues he may have. We know that if we had made good use of ours, we should be saints. We know how much help we have received and that we sin in spite of it. We do not know what help any other does receive. In our shoes he might be a model of holiness. In his shoes we might go straight to hell.

Father Humphrey says, "Humility is not self-depreciation, or a making one's self out to be less than one is, or worse than one is. Humility is simply the clear conscious knowledge, the abiding and vivid recollection, the practical recognition and confession that one . . . has a Creator," from whom comes, not only all that one has, but also all that one is.

All this includes humility of the understanding. Humility of the will is greater and more meritorious. It is also more difficult, for it involves practice instead of precept. St. Bernard says that humility of the will consists of three degrees: first, that one has no desire to be placed over others; second, that he desires to be subject to others; third, that in a state of subjection he bears in tranquil manner every offence that may be heaped upon him. The fruit of humility is obedience.

The biographies of the saints are full of illustrations of the manner in which they carried out these precepts. They made humility a living power in their lives. It was the root of their virtues, just as love was the sap which nourished their powers. Holiness does not flourish in an atmosphere of worldly honour and wealth, but in an atmosphere of subjection, contumely and abuse. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you." "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

The circumstances of our lives give us endless opportunities to practise humility, but we should be wise to seek deliberately for humiliations if we wish to make rapid progress in the acquirement of the virtue. Adventitious opportunities are too often met with resistance, instead of quiet acceptance. Our automatic reaction to events is not humble. We return a blow with a blow before we remember that it should have been the other cheek. Therefore, he who would learn humility of the will, must deliberately will to be humble, and the will must be followed by the deed. C. A. G.

We ought to be perfectly convinced that we never have more than one thing to do; that is, to keep our entire presence of mind at each moment, never permitting our reasonable will vain preoccupations about the future.—Father Surin, S.J.

When our Lord strove to convert, it was always by kind looks, by loving words, by indulgence, which appeared to border upon laxity.

—Father Faber.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

THERE is a tendency in people to regard their opinion upon any subject they consider, no matter how briefly, as a last judgment—the subject is settled and disposed of forever. This is the error of progressive finality. A few days or weeks or months expose the error of the unwise judge. But no wisdom accrues to such a judge with the years. He is as final in the matter he summarily disposes of to-day as he was ten years ago—as unjust, as lacking in discrimination. The subjects of his consideration change, but not his error—that progresses through his whole life.

The widespread acceptance of the theory of evolution would seem a natural corrective of this human error. For evolution, presupposing a practically endless past, forecasts also, a practically endless future; it sets no store by Last Judgments, it sees all conditions as fluid, not static. Yet this error of finality manifests itself nowhere more conspicuously than in its interpretation of the theory of evolution; for it limits evolution within the meanest and narrowest of economic fields, bringing all the effort of an endless past to the despicable anti-climax of material conveniences—the elimination of what economists call the "poverty line."

In considering anything connected with the Great War, we should wish at least to be on guard against the prevalent error. We should wish to see contemporary French Literature, if it were possible, against some background, in some long vista of perspective that would make our task not one of judging but of perceiving—of recognizing the literature as part of a vast supermundane plan that extends through ages and worlds. There is a volume published before the war, in 1912, that may aid one in finding such a perspective. It is by an English scholar, Professor Flinders-Petrie, and its title is: The Revolutions of Civilization. Professor Flinders-Petrie tabulates eight distinct epochs of civilization that are more or less preserved in records. These extend backward to Egypt, ten thousand years before the Incarnation. That stretch of civilization we may call our middle ground; and, making a fresh start there, in ancient Egypt, we may further extend our perspective, and reach a true background in what we may call precontinental civilization—the civilizations of those early continents which had sunk beneath the ocean long before the present world system had emerged—the traditions of which the Greek sage, Solon, learned from priests in the Egyptian temples. According to Professor Flinders-Petrie's tabulation, the time in which we are now living belongs to a period of civilization that began about 450 A. D.—with the collapse of Graeco-Roman life. The word "Chris-

tian" would perhaps rise to most lips as the natural name for the period. But it is not so named by Professor Flinders-Petrie. Those who would urge the adoption of the name "Christian" for our period, ought to be very sure of their reasons. "Christian" describes the highest civilization attainable by man. While our period is, in some respects, superior to civilizations of the past, yet, just as truly, they, in some respects, are superior to ours. Any one, therefore, who purposed distinguishing the present period by the high title "Christian," ought to be sure that the traits he might name as characteristic and differentiating are truly so. For example, would such a person name our form of government, or rather our method of obtaining a government, as a mark of superiority? If so, he would have to face the Egyptian traditions about Divine persons who became Rulers of Egypt in order to teach men how to live. Fortunately, the day has passed when such traditions could be set aside as "superstition." The effort to discredit such traditions was only part of cunning and malignant German propaganda. The purpose of this particular propaganda was to eliminate from men's minds and lives all faith in the Divine, which Germany meant to replace by fear and dread of German might. The Germans taught that the Divine is equivalent to the Supernatural, and that the Supernatural is Superstition—therefore, the Divine is a superstition. At first, such manifestations of the Divine as is contained in these far off Egyptian traditions would be discarded. Gradually men would be accustomed to this discrediting process, and would toss aside the supreme manifestation of Divinity in Christianity.*

Wide-spread humanitarianism might be named by some as a distinguishing trait that merits the appellation "Christian" for our era. But such individuals should recall the gall and vinegar offered to our Lord on the Cross. That drink was provided by an association of Roman ladies to mitigate the agony of dying criminals. It is evidence of tender hearts in pagan Rome, as well as bloody arenas. The extension of that philanthropy from Rome to the obscure province of Judea would indicate also a wide-spread feeling for humanity.

One conclusion to which Professor Flinders-Petrie's book inevitably leads is this: civilization is intermittent, not continuous. Civilization is not the sacrosanct thing implied by the words of many who, though undoubtedly patriots, deplore the overthrow and ruination to-day of everything man has so far accomplished. Civilization flourishes, decays, and gives way to barbarism.

---

* The Rev. Joseph H. Odell, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1918, writes of German scholarship (so-called): "Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that from the days of Ferdinand Christian Baur . . . down to the latest word from P. W. Schmiedel, there has been a patient, indefatigable, and relentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments. By the time an American scholar had followed his course of training . . . he had not enough of the supernatural left to run a tin toy, let alone a universe."

That general conclusion leads to a particular alternative that is somewhat startling. The average length of the civilizations that have preceded our own is fifteen hundred years. They have been overthrown by barbarian forces from the outside, or by disintegrating forces within, or by both. As our present epoch dates from the year 450 A. D., it would reach its normal limit about the year 2000 A. D. A question forces itself upon us. Is the present terrific attack of Germany the recurrent barbarism that has put an end to civilization in other periods? Is the good and the evil alike of our accomplishment doomed? Or (second alternative), are there seeds of immortality in the present epoch that enable one to interpret differently this attack Germany is making? Instead of proving a destructive whirlwind, may the present conflict be likened to garden cultivation—pulverizing of the soil, removal of solid things, stones and rock, that are really worthless, in order that the seed may germinate and flourish? Will our epoch transform itself by virtue of its latent seed? Instead of barbarism, will there come, through this world-conflict, a new and higher civilization that will at last be truly Christian? If this be our glorious future, our own epoch in the course of milleniums may come to stand in the second place of honour, winning for itself, though not the name *Christian,* yet, at least, the designation *pre-Christian.*

One hundred years ago Wordsworth was mentioning the opportunities and vast possibilities which the French Revolution seemed to be opening up to men. At that time Wordsworth wrote, "to be alive was bliss, but to be young was very Heaven." How paltry those opportunities of a century ago seem, compared with the promises of our future. The common soldiers in the trenches are teaching us what the difference is. Men like Dawson and Belmont would change the older poet's words to read—to be alive is very Heaven.

The possibility of such a future, through the self-transformation of this epoch, lies with France, and with those nations that, seconding the effort of France, make her goal, in greater or less degree, their own.

The past and the present history of France show her as a fit instrument for such a spiritual mission—to usher in a period of Christian civilization. France has a sense of a certain goal to life—of the convergence toward that goal of efforts that, at their start, seem wide apart; by reason of that convergence she sees a parity in those efforts. Religion will serve for illustration. The common attitude toward religion regards it as rich and exquisite embroidery, particularly suitable for ecclesiastical vestments. There are other stuffs, upon which good taste will use this rich embroidery sparingly. There are still other fabrics, for which the embroidery of religion is quite unsuited—such as chain mail and khaki. People who appreciate the loveliness of the embroidery deplore its unsuitability for all stuffs whatever—but what can they do? The world must wag on; and in the course of its wagging, chain mail and khaki become sometimes necessary, alas! In the centre of that embroid-

ered design of religion is a precious pearl. That pearl is fragile. It must be guarded, at all costs, from the pulverizing shock of battle. The French do not thus regard religion. It *is* a pearl, they would say, and therefore must not be laid away in a casket. Its lustre is vital. Whatever the occasion and surroundings, fair linen, or horizon blue cloth, it must be worn—worn constantly. In their judgment religion is not something added to, or superimposed upon life. It is rather the spirit and attitude with which life is lived. It is the plain honesty and sense of duty that weaves solidly and substantially, silk or linen or mail, making each serviceable for its special end. Each of those special ends is one surface of the myriad-sided pyramid of life. The lines of that pyramid converge all toward one goal; and upon all its sides equally is inscribed: "Holy unto the Lord."

Let us take an example from the most difficult sphere—the relation of things military and religious, an example from the national epic, the Chanson de Roland. You know the story. A treacherous foe made a compact (which he did not intend to keep) with the French, because this lying foe knew the French would hold themselves bound by their word—and could thus be entrapped. There are twenty thousand Frenchmen facing many times their own number—three or four hundred thousand of the enemy. A dozen or more great chiefs lead the French. One of these leaders is an Archbishop; but he is present with the band, to fight as well as to bless. It is a fight from which they cannot expect to come out alive. The Archbishop speaks briefly before the onset is made: " 'Lords, barons, Charles left us here, and it is a man's devoir to die for his King. Now help ye to uphold Christianity. Certes, ye shall have a battle, for here before you are the Saracens. Confess your sins and pray God's mercy, and that your souls may be saved I will absolve you. If ye are slain ye will be holy martyrs, and ye shall have seats in the higher Paradise.' The Franks light off their horses and kneel down, and the Archbishop blesses them, and for a penance bids them that they lay on with their swords." Mark well that last statement: "for a penance," the Archbishop bids them "that they lay on with their swords." There is an example for modern ecclesiastics to emulate. This old French archbishop was intelligent and discriminating—not "confused and hesitant" as so many of the clergy are to-day. The Archbishop had shown zeal in having taught through his province the Divine Command: "Thou shalt not kill"—he had pictured vividly the hell that awaits infraction of that law. On the battlefield he displays similar zeal in bidding his countrymen "lay on with the sword." There is not a maudlin, sentimental word in the passage—no thought of forgiving enemies whose presence is a threat against God and His plans. "Chrétienté est en péril."* The Saracens were trampling under foot those things which men hold sacred—honour and justice—unconscious for the most part that their reverence for these

* The force of the original line is lost in the translation.

things is a groping recognition of God's nature. The Archbishop was pointing out to his companions their duty to kill completely, if possible, God's enemies. He tells the French they will be "holy martyrs." That was not a band of Saints—they were just ordinary men, of faults, sins, and vices. But the opportunity to strike a blow in God's defence (a blow in behalf of justice and righteousness *is* in behalf of God) offered the chance, by one great effort, to make amends for years of indifference and of actual sin—the chance to place themselves at last on God's side. They will prove the sincerity of their confession and repentance by their deeds, by disregard of danger and suffering as they "lay on with the sword" against a conscienceless foe.

This old epic, the Chanson, embodies French feeling of a thousand years ago. There has been time, however, for feeling to change and degenerate. But it has not done so. That stirring address of the Prelate is paralleled to-day in France—closely paralleled by a letter quoted by Monsieur Maurice Barrès in one of his essays. A *poilu,* Joseph Cloupeau, is writing to his parents. Presumably he had heard some of the futile academic talk as to whether war is reconcilable with religion. This *poilu* is not academic and vague. He *knows.* "Je ne suis pas deux," he writes, "un chrétien et un soldat; je suis un soldat chrétien." That letter more than parallels the Chanson passage. A thousand years ago it required the experience and insight of a high born archbishop to perceive the unity of aim in religion and warfare. His noble companions, while they were resolved to perform their full duty, could not see for themselves all that was involved in that duty. To-day a simple *poilu* understands.

The most commonplace material objects in France are reminders of the mission that is hers—to lead in a Christian civilization. How many of those who have travelled over the French railways know why a station in Paris is fittingly named Gare St. Lazare—Holy Lazarus Station? That is one of many names that commemorate a great event preserved also in holy places. St. Matthew relates in his 21st chapter how the Jews sought excuses for not heeding the Master's teaching, and His reply: "The chief priests and the elders of the people came unto Him as He was teaching, and said, 'By what authority doest thou these things? And who gave thee this authority?' " The Master said in disdain: " 'The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' " A legend makes it that France is the country so chosen. This legend, which the peasants believe, despite the efforts of scholars to prove it foundationless, is as follows: The Crucifixion was precipitated by the raising of Lazarus—the Jews feared the influence of this restored man, and wished to give the lie to his evidence. But after the Crucifixion and Resurrection, Lazarus was still in the way. To get rid of his living testimony, he was put into an open boat, with his two sisters, with the Holy Mother, and with other friends, and was sent out to sea. The boat was guided (or, if one prefers, drifted) to the southern

shore of France. The islet of the Trois Maries, at the mouth of the Rhone, the cave where St. Mary Magdalene spent the remainder of her days in prayer, these and other spots are sanctuaries of the new Holy Land.

La Gare St. Lazare! What a symbol it is. Our great English poet refers to

> The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns.

People read and, silently, acquiesce. But the French, intelligently, humorously, religiously (the three adverbs are synonymous), construct a railway station, the Gare St. Lazare, as a concrete demonstration that trains for Heaven start right there in the Paris streets, and return there again.

So far, good. The history and literary traditions are worthy. But we require more than these if our hopes for the future are to be upheld. If France is to lead in a higher cycle of culture, there must be evidence, on her part, of new perceptions of Truth, of the discovery of higher powers, of new planes of being which hitherto have not been attained. Such evidence does abound.

Consider the national epic again, and such a justly celebrated passage in it as the Death of Roland, one of the great world classics. "Now Roland feels that death is near him, and his brains flow out at his ears; he prays to the Lord God for his peers that He will receive them, and he prays to the Angel Gabriel for himself. That he may be free from all reproach, he takes his horn of ivory in the one hand, and Durendal, his sword, in the other, and farther than a cross-bow can cast an arrow, through a cornfield he goeth on towards Spain. At the crest of a hill, beneath two fair trees, are four stairs of marble; there he falls down on the green grass in a swoon, for death is close upon him. . . . Count Roland lay under the pine tree; he has turned his face towards Spain, and he begins to call many things to remembrance—all the lands he had won by his valour, and sweet France, and the men of his lineage, and Charles, his liege lord, who had brought him up in his household; . . . he confesses his sins and begs forgiveness of God: 'Our Father, who art truth, who raised up Lazarus from the dead, and who defended Daniel from the lions, save thou my soul from the perils to which it is brought through the sins I wrought in my life days.' With his right hand he offers his glove to God, and Saint Gabriel has taken it from his hand. Then his head sinks on his arm, and with clasped hands he hath gone to his end. And God sent him his cherubim, and Saint Michael of the Seas, and with them Saint Gabriel, and they carried the soul of the Count into Paradise." It is great by its beauty. But is it satisfactory? Has the poet treated his theme as you would wish him to treat it? After such self-sacrificing deeds do you not regret that Roland is so lonely and so desolate? Such a poet as Verhaeren is far more satisfactory. You

remember Verhaeren's courageous effort to overcome the drink habit which had brought him to the verge of insanity. That valiant effort brought to Verhaeren knowledge of other heroes (what we, with inadequate speech, call usually, "celestial" heroes), certainty of their sympathy with him and comradship.

> Ouverte en large éclair, parmi les brumes,
> Une avenue;
> Et St. Georges, cuirassé d'or,
> Avec des plumes et des écumes,
> Au poitrail blanc de son cheval, sans mors,
> Descend.
> Le St. Georges du haut devoir
> Beau de son coeur, et par lui-même.

Roland's heroism was far less self-interested than Verhaeren's. If Verhaeren's effort brought him knowledge of St. George, why should Roland be denied the sympathy and comradeship of those heroes who crowded around him with fraternal admiration, St. Michael, leader of the hosts of Heaven, and others? Why should Roland have to wait until he died to become aware of those individuals? Verhaeren did not. The old poem is marred by the prevalent, unChristian misunderstanding that one reaches Heaven only after death.

That misunderstanding begins to clear away in the War literature of France. For example, Captain Belmont writes home: "We love life, because, in spite of all, being of this world, we see with worldly eyes. If we knew the other life—the true one—which is hidden behind what we call death, we should desire it to the extent of detesting that which is lent to us for a few years."

Then there is the incident of which Barrès gives an account. It is familiar from sketches and accounts in the illustrated papers. A Lieutenant Péricard had been ordered to hold a trench. The attack was fierce. At last the Germans entered the trench as his men lay around, seeming dead. In desperation, he shouted: "Stand up, ye dead!" (Debout les morts!) The men rose, continued the fight, and the trench was held. Barrès obtained an account of the matter from Péricard himself. These are Péricard's words: "Throughout the evening and for several days following I remained under the influence of the spiritual emotion by which I had been carried away at the time of the summons to the dead. I had something of the same feeling that one has after partaking fervently of the communion. I recognized that I had just been living through such hours as I should never see again, during which my head, having by violent exertion broken an opening through the ceiling, had risen into the region of the supernatural, into the invisible world peopled by gods and heroes." *The invisible world peopled by gods and heroes!* Is not that an attractive description of Heaven? Péricard did

indeed enter that new plane of life *after death,* but it was not the death of his body. It was the Christian death of which St. Paul writes, the daily, hourly death to self. That death to self is the burial in baptism by which one becomes a Christian, and enters a new life. It is the only entrance to that life. Péricard says further: "As for myself, it seems as if I had been given a body which had grown and expanded inordinately—the body of a giant, with superabundant, limitless energy, extraordinary facility of thought which enabled me to have my eye in ten places at a time—to call out an order to one man while indicating an order to another by gesture—to fire a gun and protect myself at the same time from a threatening grenade." What is this "superabundant, limitless energy" of Péricard's new state, but the "abundance of life" that the Master incarnated to give us?

Evidence of this kind comes from all classes and grades of men. One might expect that a Catholic priest would require an expression of faith in formal and dogmatic terms. But here is a chaplain who quite simply recognizes the validity of the baptismal burial of self: "Qui s'oublie pour ses frères, pour le service de la patrie, est bien près du royaume de Dieu." Consider this passage from a diary: "Mercredi 12 mai—Les régiments qui ont été engagés depuis dimanche rentrent au repos. Les pertes sont considérables. Au passage, des soldats demandent des nouvelles de ceux que je connais. 'Un tel? . . . il est tué. Un tel? . . . il est tué.' . . . On n'a pas pu les ramasser. . . . On les voit; ils sont alignés les uns à côté des autres, devant les tranchées de l'ennemi. Que de gestes héroïques à raconter! 'Ah! que c'était beau! que c'était beau! Jamais on ne verra rien de si beau!' me dit un jeune ami de la classe 14, et d'autres avec lui. On dirait pour eux, les survivants, que les autres ne sont pas morts!' " *"On dirait pour eux, les survivants, que les autres ne sont pas morts."* The survivors had entered, with the dead, into the new realm of the invisible, and had learned that there, life does not end with the death of the body, that the others, truly, are not dead.

What is the conclusion Barrès comes to, after a study of the war's effect upon his people?—it is that through their sacrifice (death to self) they have been lifted (a resurrection) to the consciousness of a Great Presence that companions them. "Acceptation du sacrifice, sentiment d'une haute présence à côté d'eux, les voilà le plus souvent, et s'il fallait une image pour les symboliser, je n'en vois pas de plus vraie que celle qui sort d'une phrase que Bernard Lavergne, le treizième enfant du peintre verrier Claudius Lavergne, écrit à sa famille: '. . . Ce soir, départ pour la tranchée. Cette nuit, je veillerai sur vous, l'arme à la main; vous savez qui veille sur moi.' " Barrès continues: "Ils vivront, mais fussent-ils morts, la France va se reconstruire avec leurs âmes commes pierres vivantes. Tout ce soleil de jeunes gens qui descend dans la mer, c'est une aube qui va se lever." Barrès is not indulging in eloquence. The season is not favorable for forcing flowers of rhetoric. He means what

he says. The souls of the French warriors are real. Their bodies are the shadow. They are the dawn "qui va se lever," the new Christian cycle. It is that conviction which makes possible the words with which M. Stéphane Lauzanne ended a recent address: "France will continue the struggle until the men are all killed. When the men are all killed, the women will fight; when the women are all killed, the children will fight; when the children are all killed, the dead will fight." If France has to go to that extreme, the grave of her humanity will be also the grave of her resurrection. It is those dead, qui ne sont pas morts, with "the super-abundant, limitless energy" of the spiritual plane, who will obtain final victory.

That is the new and valuable note in French literature—a deeper and clearer perception of truth, the discovery of Heaven near at hand, which one can enter before the death of the body, provided one will die to selfish interests. This new experience is a debt owed to the war. It is noteworthy that this is the experience of so many who are not professionally religious, men from all the rounds of life. If a saint in a monastery were to record such experiences (as they have done, case after case, in our present century as well as in the past) many would be hindered by their prejudices from believing and experimenting for themselves. It means, among many things, a great widening of horizons—a clearer recognition of the many-angled pyramid of life whose sides rise equally toward God. Even so truly spiritual a person as Madame Barat who in the 19th century gathered to a point the old revelations, and founded the Order of the Sacred Heart, even she, and spiritual men and women like her, suffer from the delusion that their entrance into the Master's Presence is limited to the Sacrament reserved on the altar. The new literature corrects that delusion, it shows the invisible world at hand, in life or death, the battlefield or the streets of Paris, open wherever, through death to self, men will cross its threshhold.

The objection must be considered that our argument is based entirely upon letters and records of obscure individuals, which can be regarded as nothing more than informal literature. Such records and letters, however, are what is prized most by the foremost literary men of France, such as Barrès, Bourget, Bordeaux. One could say, in passing, that Belmont's letters have been likened to the Journals of the Guérins. There are stronger arguments than that however.

In the closing quarter of Graeco-Roman civilization there was a formal and an informal literature. One can say, without risk of incurring the charge of Puritanism, that the letters and records of the New Testament are immeasurably more important than Vergil's work. Vergil is one of the great world poets—no small thing. But he is negative. His mind was saddened by the evanescence of beauty. He delighted in the loveliness of things, only to see that beauty slip away, like winter's melted snow, leaving him "the heart-brake over fallen things."

Sunt lachrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

A great artist does not introduce a new period. He crystallizes and summarizes the life that has preceded. It was not at the heart of the great Empire that the future civilization was constructed. The constructive writers who worked for the future were the fishermen of Galilee. Their spirit was not heart-break and tears. They were passing on to the world the fabric of imperishable beauty—"that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life."

So it is, to-day, in France. The noteworthy literature is not such productions as Paul Girardey's, but the records of those whose death to self has broken through into the world that is always near at hand—the invisible world that to them has become visible, the world peopled by heroes and gods, the world of the Living Christ. C. C. CLARK.

"Only the power of God can bear us up to God."
—Archbishop Ullathorne.

MARTIN LUTHER

IT is seldom that there are found more radically conflicting opinions about one and the same person than are held by historians, and by the general public as well, regarding Martin Luther. This is relative not to matters of doctrine,—concerning which there is bound to be more or less controversy,—but with regard to his personal character and conduct. There is a passage in Heinrich Böhmer's *Luther in the Light of Recent Research,* which is significant in this connection because of the extremes of attitude which it represents. The author speaks of the fact that not only in other countries but in Germany as well, opinion is divided; everywhere people have had difficulty in deciding what Luther really was, whether "a prophet of God or a son of the devil, a father of the church or a gospelless heretic, a prototype of a true evangelical teacher and man of prayer or a great criminal, an enlightener and mighty liberator of the spirit or a destroyer of the last cultural harvest of Europe, a 'genius of the first rank' or an intellectually inferior degenerate, even a poor maniac, the greatest child of the German people or the Catiline of Germany . . . 'an affectionate husband, honest father, faithful friend, a scholar useful to the community, a good citizen' or 'a frantic beast, filthy hog, a vacillating turncoat, frivolous liar, shameless sensualist, wrathy brawler, hyperbolic Thrason (braggart), insolent Goliath, Markolfian ribald, public seducer of nuns.' "

Whether it be as Germany's greatest child or as her Catiline, Luther and his work have taken on a renewed and special interest of late, partly owing to the recent anniversary of the Reformation, and still more because of the past four years of war. While it may be difficult or even impossible to determine his exact status, we can without doubt come somewhat nearer the truth by going into each of the opposing camps, and considering his work first from the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church and then, as nearly as possible, from that of the Lutherans themselves.

Luther was born at Eisleben, on November 10, 1483, of poor parents, his father being a miner. His home life and early years were full of the sternness and inflexible severity which are said to be characteristic of Germany today. He received a good education and entered the University at Erfurt in accordance with his father's intention that he study jurisprudence. Before long, however, he entered, quite unexpectedly, the Augustinian monastery in his University town, the reason for his sudden decision being little more than a matter of surmise. In 1507, he was ordained to the priesthood, and two years later, was sent

to the recently founded University of Wittenberg, where he both taught and continued to study. The next few years saw his recall to Erfurt and his journeying to Rome—a visit which, while it is open to some question, apparently had little effect in determining his subsequent career. The year 1512 saw him again in Wittenberg, where he was rapidly promoted from one office to another; he was made licentiate, then doctor, then member of the theological faculty in rapid succession, followed in a short time by his appointment as district vicar. He had the management of the monastery with its forty-one inmates, in addition to his work as lecturer on the Bible. According to his own account he "needed two secretaries or chancellors, wrote letters all day, preached at table, also in the monastery and parochial churches, was superintendent of studies, and as vicar of the Order had as much to do as eleven priors." He is said to have remained manfully at his post when the city was stricken with plague, at all times helped and consoled those with whom he came in contact and in all ways lived the life of a good priest.

But his over-activity in outer affairs soon led to inner difficulties. Luther suffered from the disease familiar to many as "scruples," and after neglecting certain portions of his rule, notably the recitation of the daily Office, in order to make time for his outer work, he would remain for days in his cell, subjecting himself to excessive fasting and mortifications, all self-devised and quite independent of his confessor and of the rules of the Order. This led to insomnia, and even to threatened insanity, together with morbidness, melancholy and extremes of physical and mental depression. He became obsessed with the fear of the wrath of God. His "conviction of sin," which was a strong one, left him hopeless, sullen and despondent. He could see no way out. There was no help for man's sinfulness, since it was inherent in human nature as a result of original sin; neither was there any escape from the awful judgment; and he finally reached a state in which he declared he hated God. The outcome of this long spiritual struggle was his doctrine of justification by faith,—man has no free will, and as a result of original sin, he and all his works are wholly sinful and depraved, but by faith he can be saved and by faith alone. The extreme of this doctrine is contained in his own words, "To you it ought to be sufficient that you acknowledge the Lamb that takes away the sins of the world, the sin cannot tear you away from him, even though you commit adultery a hundred times a day and commit as many murders." The doctrine in its later modified form became a foundation stone of the Lutheran faith and one of its chief points of difference from Catholicism.

It was during the time of this mental and spiritual struggle that Luther was stirred by the abuses connected with the sale of indulgences. This evil, according to some accounts, at least, had its beginning during

the Crusades, when the Pope offered as a reward to those who took the Cross, the remission of all sins of whatever kind, and in the event of death, immediate entrance into Paradise. It was only a step from this to the sale of indulgences for the souls of those already dead, and then came the similar sale of indulgences for the sins of the living, as well. A particularly flagrant instance of the custom occurred in connection with the raising of funds for the new church of St. Peter in Rome; and it was ostensibly this situation, but in reality a revolt against a number of other church institutions, which led Luther to draw up his famous ninety-five theses, challenging his fellows in the University town to one of the disputations so common in the Middle Ages.

What followed is well known: the charge of heresy, the summons to Rome, and finally the trial before the Diet of Augsburg. During the beginning of this difficult period, Luther experienced several oscillations of feeling, expressing first his entire submission to the Pope, "Most holy father, I declare in the presence of God I have never sought to weaken the Romish Church. I confess there is nothing in heaven or earth that should be preferred above that Church, save only Jesus Christ, the Lord of all"—and immediately after, denouncing in the boldest terms the Pope and the Papacy. By some this is regarded as shameless hypocrisy, but when we consider Luther's position, that of a simple friar opposed to the power of the Mediæval Church, a certain amount of wavering is only natural. Luther was writing continually at this time in defence of his position. His writings and, more important still, his disputation at Leipzig with John Eck, one of the leading theologians of the day, helped him greatly in evolving his theological views. Furthermore, the trial at Augsburg and the incidents connected with it, showed him that he had the strong support of many of the German princes. Accordingly he became greatly emboldened, and, repudiating entirely his submission to the Pope, he denounced him as Antichrist.

According to the Roman account, he joined forces about this time with Hutten and Sickingen, two German knights, apparently villainous malcontents, who, with a large following as unscrupulous as themselves, were plotting from their mountain fastnesses, the overthrow of the rich ecclesiastical princes. The whole of Germany was in a state of unrest. Not only was there the plotting of the lesser nobility against the domination of the territorial lords, but in addition, there was wide-spread class unrest among the peasants in the country districts and the burghers and laborers in the towns. The fact that the new Emperor, Charles V, was a Spaniard, which meant in a sense the rule of a foreign power, was a further cause of discontent to some, and everywhere there was strong national feeling against the domination of Germany and the Germans by Italy and the Papacy.

In such a state of affairs, Luther, ablaze himself, had no difficulty in starting a conflagration. He broke once and for all from the

Catholic Church, denounced its whole system—the priesthood, the sacraments (except baptism and the Eucharist), penance, and all ecclesiastical forms and ceremonial worship. The Bible, being inspired by God, he recognized as supreme authority; justification by faith was his main tenet, this insuring not only forgiveness of sins but release from all punishment; the priesthood he declared to be universal, every Christian being a priest of God if he so willed. Both in written and in spoken appeals he called on the people to attack the Papacy, "with every sort of weapon and wash our hands in its blood." "The word of God is a sword, a war, a destruction, a scandal, a ruin, a poison." To the masses he spoke eloquently, dazzlingly, in their own vernacular, to the princes he sent written addresses, urging them to overthrow the Pope, abolish the existing ecclesiastical forms and seize all Church property.

In 1520 the Bull of excommunication was issued by Rome, only to be met with strong opposition in Germany and published with the utmost difficulty, owing to the rapidity with which Luther's cause had gained ground. This was quickly followed by the summons before the Diet of Worms, his refusal to recant, and his departure from the town under the ban of the Empire. The "abduction" by his partisans, and his friendly detention in the safety of the Wartburg are too familiar to need mention. According to the Roman account, the year of outer quiet which he spent in the Wartburg was one of renewed inner difficulties. He was attacked by an almost ungovernable sensuality; his old scrupulosity returned, and he was filled with doubt as to the wisdom and right of his recent action toward the Church; he believed himself beset by Satan, who appeared and wrestled with him in most vivid reality; and finally, his hatred and animosity toward Rome increased till it surpassed all previous bounds. "I will curse and scold the scoundrels until I go to my grave. . . . I am unable to pray without at the same time cursing. If I am prompted to say: 'hallowed be Thy name,' I must add: 'cursed, damned, outraged be the name of Papists.' If I am prompted to say: 'Thy Kingdom come,' I must perforce add: 'cursed, damned, destroyed must be the papacy.' Indeed I pray thus orally every day and in my heart without intermission."

This year was for him a year of great literary activity. During his stay at the Wartburg he made his translation of the New Testament into the German tongue, a work hailed by many as a masterpiece because of its importance in actually creating a German literary language out of a hodge-podge of dialects, and by others condemned as a bad, because too free, translation. During this year, also, he wrote his "Opinion on Monastic Orders" which practically overturned the moral code. "It was a trumpet call to priest, monk, and nun to break their vows of chastity and enter matrimony. The 'impossibility' of successful resistance to our natural sensual passions was drawn with

such dazzling rhetorical fascination that the salvation of the soul, the health of the body, demanded an instant abrogation of the laws of celibacy. Vows were made to Satan, not to God; the devil's law was absolutely renounced by taking a wife or husband."

During his absence, the reforms inaugurated by Luther were furthered at Wittenberg by leaders even more radical than he, though the Roman accounts claim that everything was done with his full knowledge and approval. Many of the Augustinians renounced their vows, and left the monastery, some marrying; in certain of the Churches, pictures and altars were destroyed and Communion was given in both kinds, the Elevation of the Host being omitted, Mass being read in German and no vestments being worn. There was considerable disturbance, shared in by clergy and students alike; the rulers were in duty bound to take action regardless of where their sympathies might lie, and a crisis threatened. Into the midst of this, Luther came,—according to friendly accounts, because he realized that the extreme to which the movement had swung boded ill for its success; according to hostile accounts because he could not tolerate the rival leadership which had grown up in his absence. Whatever the reason for his risking a public appearance, he took hold of the situation with a firm hand and modified the principal innovations, though some of them became before long permanently a part of the Lutheran worship.

The revolutionary tone of Luther's writings, expressing as they did the feeling in the hearts of the nation, and with it the fact that the Reformer was the son of a peasant, led the peasants to feel that in him they had a leader and that the time was ripe for an assertion of their rights. There began, accordingly, the terrible Peasants' War in which thousands of people were practically massacred and miles of German lands laid waste. Luther, quite contrary to expectation, in no wise favored such action; he first wrote his "Exhortation to Peace" and when this proved of no avail, he wrote (as he claims by God's command) his "Against the murderous and robbing rabble of peasants," urging the rulers to "slaughter the offending peasants like mad dogs, to stab, strangle and slay as best one can." One is reminded forcibly of certain German counterparts of this attitude at the present time. With this doctrine of suppression, he preached the absolute submission of individual to ruler, the effect of which is so noticeable in the Germany of today. The prince was to have unlimited power; the people were to be "forced and driven, as we force and drive pigs or wild cattle."

In the midst of this national upheaval, he celebrated his marriage with Catharine von Bora, a young Bernardine nun, who with numerous others had recently renounced her vows and left her convent. Their domestic life, in the Wittenberg monastery which was later presented to them as their home, was apparently a happy one. In this connection there becomes noticeable Luther's innate coarseness and vulgarity, for

his conversation concerning the most intimate details of life is such as could not be reproduced. His coarseness had already been painfully evident in many of his writings,—more especially those against the Papacy, but, as a matter of fact, those against practically anyone who opposed him and his views. Perhaps the most startling illustrations of it are his poem "Emancipation," ridiculing transubstantiation and penance, and his "Interpretation of Two Horrible Monsters, an Ass Pope, and a Calf Monk." These were published with a number of drawings by his friend, Lucas Cranach, which have been pronounced the most vulgar in the history of caricature. The two pamphlets, wholly aside from partisan feeling as to Church or creed, must impress even the most religiously-indifferent as not only gross vulgarity but as the most shocking sacrilege and desecration.

It was some years later that there occurred the affair of the double marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse. The latter, a notorious libertine, had wearied of his wife, the Landgravine, and wished to marry, as well, Margaret von der Saal, one of his sister's ladies in waiting. He was able to secure the sanction of Margaret's mother only on condition that certain high personages be present at the marriage, among them, Christina, Philip's wife, and Luther and Melancthon, or at least two noted theologians. Luther, when approached on the subject, declared that there was nothing in the Bible expressly forbidding such a marriage. He doubtless realized, too, that to lose the support of the influential Landgrave would be a serious blow to Protestantism. Accordingly he gave his consent, though on condition that the marriage be kept an inviolable secret and, if need be, denied. The marriage took place, rumour of it leaked out, a widespread scandal resulted, and Luther met it with a lie. "What harm would there be," was his justification, "if a man, to accomplish better things and for the sake of the Christian Church does tell a good thumping lie?" The whole affair is an unsavory one and little can be said, even by the most partisan spirit, in its justification.

For the rest, Luther's history is eventful chiefly in the way of doctrinal disputes and difficulties, notably those centering about the Augsburg Confession of Faith. And in these disputes there became apparent in greater and greater degree, qualities and characteristics which had also been manifest in many of the incidents of his earlier days: an ungovernable temper, bristling aggressiveness, bitterness, brutality and coarseness, all of which vented themselves on his opponents in scurrilous vituperation. His attitude toward the people at the time of the Peasants' War had resulted in the estrangement of large portions of Germany from his cause. Later, his controversy with Erasmus, in which he conducted himself in his usual abusive and contentious manner, estranged the latter from the Protestant movement and consequently lost, as well, many of the leading thinkers of the day. Eras-

mus, like Luther, had seen the urgent need for ecclesiastical reform; indeed, he is known as the intellectual father of the Reformation, so strong was the influence of his writings in that direction. But unlike Luther, he felt that it should be brought about without any violent rupture—a correction of existing abuses to be accomplished within the Church, through the princes and scholars and in entire accord with Rome. Favoring many of Luther's views and opposing his extremes, Erasmus was unwilling to take a stand publicly either for or against him. Instead he persisted in an attitude of aloofness, until, in danger of losing ground with both Protestants and Catholics alike, he was forced to take issue, the actual point on which he finally took up Luther's challenge, being the doctrine of free will. Similarly, Luther's treatment of Zwingli and his followers, in their effort to come to an agreement with him regarding the Eucharist, lost him the support of additional thousands, putting an end, as it did, to what some writers consider the probability of Lutheran leadership of Protestantism. As he grew older, nervous disorders and general ill health led to more and more violent attacks of temper, greater and greater unreasonableness, until according to one account, "the Luther who, from a distance was still honoured as the hero and leader of the new church, was only tolerated at its centre in consideration of his past services." At Eisleben, in February, 1546, he suffered a stroke of paralysis and died in a very brief time, in the presence of a number of his friends.

So much for the Roman account of Luther's life. The opposite version is not opposed so far as actual fact is concerned; the difference lies in the reasons given for his conduct and in the interpretation of events. It has been said that there is no essentially Lutheran interpretation of Luther, that his followers are willing to accept the verdict of history; but there are certain historians who are obviously more in sympathy with the Reformer than others and of these perhaps his fellow countryman, Professor Böhmer, in the book already mentioned, shows the fairest and at the same time the most sympathetic judgment. Therefore we are drawing largely from his work, together with one or two others of a more partisan trend.

These writers who may be considered Lutheran for the time being, claim that Roman accounts, notably that of Denifle, the greatest Catholic authority on the subject, show an entirely unfair discrimination, consulting only those sources that favor their point of view, choosing facts which best suit their purposes, ignoring others of an extenuating nature, quoting, in the same way, sentences and parts of sentences torn from their context and twisted from their right meaning. By way of illustration they cite Luther's statement made in early monastic days, "Seldom do I get the requisite time to pray the hours and celebrate the mass." It is wrong, they claim, to infer from this that Luther neglected the rule of his Order. Indeed, is there not abundant proof to the

contrary in the fact of his remaining in his cell for days on end, without food or drink, thus making up at one time for all he had missed?

His enemies misunderstand his work from the start, say they. In the first place Luther was a conservative; he himself wrote, "Rebellion is always a work of the devil, it always merely aggravates the evil which it means to curb." His conservatism, however, was not such as leads to stagnation and blind submission, but conservatism of a sane, orderly, progressive kind, which recognizes progress as the law of life. And quite in keeping with this idea were his attacks on the Church; indeed, his work was a work of love. His own impressions of Rome, coupled with the reports of pilgrims returning from the Eternal City, convinced him that it was a center of complete atheism, of organized robbery, and of all the criminal vices. Loving the Church as he did, what more natural than that he flame against the wrongs done in its name. In this light one must view his titanic anger and his ceaseless invectives against the Papacy; otherwise they are bound to be misunderstood.

The early theological difficulties regarding the wrath of God and the day of judgment are attributed to a particularly delicate and sensitive conscience, amounting to a psychic abnormality. Except for this sensitiveness, the Catholic teaching would have affected him no more than his more "coarse-grained" comrades in the monastery, who experienced small uneasiness concerning sin and the need for forgiveness. This same sensitive conscience too, was the driving force which urged him on, causing him to leave the beaten path and give to the religious problem a new and altogether personal formulation.

Certain of his admirers see in him a mystic. Did he not read Tauler and Eckhardt and Suso, and did he not have his golden moments in which he himself said he was surrounded by choirs of angels? To be sure his mysticism was a "guarded, measured and safe" one, never approaching the extremes and fanaticism of which the mystic is ordinarily in danger. Böhmer writes that Luther's mysticism requires a passionate tension of all the forces of the soul; is an active and joyous feeling of trust and faith; a live, busy, active, mighty thing, and a continual impulse to do what is good. Arguing from this he concludes that Luther's mysticism is not the product of anything that has gone before, but "something new and original, something that had never existed before, for the explanation of which one must always again point to a wholly incommensurable quantity: the personal peculiarity of the Reformer." Such a claim could not be entertained for a moment, were it not that the author has a complete misunderstanding of mysticism as represented by the mystics of the Roman Church. His discussion of the subject suggests that the mystic, until Luther came, lived in a state of passive suffering, a state of apathy, with his will paralyzed or "switched off." Luther's mysticism may indeed have

been of an entirely new variety, but certainly not for the reasons here given.

As for his personal characteristics, friendly accounts picture a bluff, jovial, big-hearted man, who "wears his heart on his sleeve," that is, expresses in the most outspoken manner to his friends and table companions, his views on any and all subjects. His overconfidence in his friends and his genial lack of reserve, they claim, is the reason why so many unfortunate stories about him have been preserved. His every act and thought were open to view, and he was watched so closely by friends and enemies that the world knew it if even the mosquitoes bothered him. His coarseness and vulgarity of speech are characteristic of the age in which he lived and will be found equally, during that period, in Germany and in all other European countries. "From a generation so rude and coarse Luther had sprung, to such a generation he spoke, and against it he was continually forced to do battle." His figurative references to hogs, pigsties, asses and so on are naturally a violation of present day taste, but are quite in keeping with sixteenth century humour.

His violent temper and his increasing tendency to heap all who opposed him with invective and vituperation are attributed partly to ill health from which he suffered more and more as time passed, and partly to the hostility by which he was surrounded. "The Reformer stood in the midst of one of the most bitter, spiteful and personal conflicts known to the history of the world, a controversy in which the honour of his wife, his children, his parents, his friends and his ruler were as little spared as his own person. Such ceaseless warfare to the knife makes the tenderest soul hard, irritable, rude and even coarse." As for the reports of his excessive eating and drinking, substantiated by his constant digestive ailments, they declare him to have been both frugal and temperate, fond of his glass of wine but not given to excess. To be sure there are letters from Luther himself which his enemies use to controvert this statement; sentences like the following, "I am guttling like a Bohemian and toping like a German, thanks be to God, Amen," and "Thank God we are here cheerful and well, glutting like Bohemians, though not very—and guzzling like Germans, though not much, but we are happy." (Though the spirit is a different one, there is an unfortunate suggestion here of the sinister, "We live like God in Belgium.") These phrases, however, declare his friends, are no proof at all, but are merely playful exaggerations of the good doctor. And too, his was not an external but an internal asceticism.

His marriage, in violation of his early vows, and to a nun who had likewise broken her vows, one writer goes so far as to claim as a mark of special nobility. Luther did it, he declares, only after a struggle; he "took upon him this cross of his own free will"; his firm

belief was that celibacy was contrary to the will of God and His laws; he felt bound to testify to the truth of his teaching by his own example; and by so doing he elevated the position of women and the status of the home, nobly ignoring the "muddy tide of base and disgusting insinuations."

With regard to Luther's connection with Hutten and Sickingen, Böhmer simply denies it, declares it to be a legend. According to him Hutten sought to establish connections with Luther, offered him Sickingen's protection and wrote four letters proposing an alliance, but these "manifestly made no deep impression" on Luther. And instead of Luther's being influenced by Hutten's incendiary writings against Rome and being led to write in imitation of them, in his "Address to the German nobility," Böhmer pictures Hutten, through Luther's agency, as turning from his frivolous poesy and suddenly placing his wild passion and extraordinary talent at the service of the national movement against Rome.

The facts of the double marriage of Philip of Hesse are given with the following explanation: Luther had always been strongly opposed to divorce, and considered a double marriage, where such a thing was desired, the preferable solution of matrimonial difficulties. He did not in the least favor the legalizing of polygamy, but thought it should be permitted by special dispensation in cases of serious emergency—if the wife contracted leprosy, for example. He considered that the Bible, his supreme authority, gave instance of such procedure in the story of Abraham, and that nothing in the Gospels forbade polygamy, except one passage in Timothy. But this passage refers expressly to the clergy, therefore for the laity it is not contrary to Divine law. In his earlier years, he considered that such a marriage should be entered into openly and publicly, this being his view in regard to the proposed marriage of Henry VIII of England and Anne Boleyn. Later in life, however, he favored a union of this kind only if the strictest secrecy were observed. This as we have seen, was his attitude at the time of the Landgrave's marriage. It is said in his favor that before his death, he emphatically declared monogamy for laity and clergy alike to be the state that is alone "fully and completely in accordance with the divine order of the universe."

There is much further explanation and justification of this incident: it is claimed that Philip deceived Luther, making him think that his desire to take a second wife was due to a longing to live a better life, "to occupy a better position before God and his conscience"; that he concealed certain events of his unsavory past, which, when later revealed to Luther, caused him to repent in positive rage, the granting of the dispensation; that he received Luther's approval, not as a public testimony but as a private memorandum and, as it were, under the confessional seal. As for the denial of the marriage when

rumour of it spread,—there has long been a distinction between lies and white lies. The latter term Luther used for those which are told in the interest and for the love of one's fellow man; and while it is not a matter of emulation for later Protestants, Luther was nevertheless justified according to his own reasoning, in regarding the denial of the Hessian marriage as a white lie.

His apparent desertion of the peasants at the time of the Peasants' War is, it would seem, in no need of explanation for he was obviously never with them. His views on government are proof of this. The paternal government which he advocated, should demand from all subjects "honour, taxes, tolls, all manner of services, and obedience even to the point of sacrificing life itself." Furthermore, he taught—and abundant fruit the teaching is bringing forth today—that the secular power is wholly free from Church interference, any intrusion of the Church in political and social life as a giver of moral standards and laws, being irreligious. Others, say his admirers, had held this theory either wholly or in part, in earlier centuries, but "no one before Luther conceived and portrayed the 'paternal vocation' of the state so broadly and definitely." The Church, says Luther, has no other call than that of preaching Christ. It is, therefore, neither its right nor its duty to interfere in the physical life of man or to bind him by laws and prescriptions "as though man were not able to attend to this himself with the aid of reason." "Further," quoting from Professor Böhmer's book, ". . . . the Church is in substance nothing more than a missionary institution, a school for those who are not yet true Christians. Therefore, it is neither competent nor authorized to permanently lead, rule, or hold in tutelage the true Christians, or those who believe in Christ and who earnestly desire to be Christians." (A Christianity then, divorced from physical life, from social, political—indeed from any kind of life,—and relegated to the position of a "missionary institution"; what an indictment of Protestantism!) "Honest worldly activity," says another writer, "did not receive any moral justification until the Church's activities were entirely limited to spiritual matters." It scarcely needs to be added that Luther thus paved the way for a "new concept of the state and of political life, which though it is not identical with the modern view of the state, nevertheless prepared the path for the modern 'Kulturstaat.'"

So much for the effort to present the Lutheran point of view; the choice between the two is doubtless best left to the individual. One conclusion, however, seems most obvious after thus reviewing the events of his life,—namely, that Luther is a German of the Germans, expressing the national spirit of his people in thought, word and deed. And this was true not only in the sixteenth century but is equally true today, whether he be loved or hated, revered or reviled by the people whom he tried to serve. In substantiation of this view,

there are several passages from a lecture by Heinrich von Treitschke given at Darmstadt some years ago, which certainly leave no doubt as to one German's ideas on the subject. "None among the other modern nations," he says, "can boast of a man who was the mouthpiece of his countrymen in quite the same way, and who succeeded as fully in giving expression to the innermost character of his nation." Striking contrasts of character are exhibited in his life work, but "we Germans are not puzzled by these apparent contradictions; all we say is, 'Here speaks our own blood.'" The lecturer continues with an enumeration of the German virtues as exhibited by Luther, which, in the light of present day events, are, to say the least, difficult to accept: a meditative seriousness that is painfully conscious of the transitory nature of earthly things; joy of life; undaunted courage; deep longing for deliverance from the curse of sin; a bellicose and practical turn of mind (the phrase is employed with laudatory intent) that is bewildered by the old Church teachings; the native energy and unquenchable fire of German defiance; a deep sense of historical piety; all of which virtues, exemplified by Luther, led him to present to the Germans "a form of Christian belief which satisfied their craving for truth, and was in harmony with the untamable independence of the German character." One more passage links Luther beyond a doubt with Germany, and emphatically with the Germany of today. It is explained that, acting on Luther's advice, Albert of Brandenburg repudiated his vows and changed his dominions from an ecclesiastical to a secular state. "Thus it was that Prussia, a land belonging to the [Teutonic] Order, a colony of Germany as a whole, was turned into a secular duchy. . . . Luther wrote with gratitude: 'Behold a miracle! With all sails spread, the Gospel speeds through Prussia.' He did not dream what other great miracles our nation should behold in his outlying Eastern province. It was from this district, which was snatched from the old Church and stood or fell with Protestantism, that the military greatness of our modern history emerged to reveal itself in world-famed battles, and it was also out of Prussia that grew up, in the fullness of time, the new State of Germany, which refuses to be either holy or Roman [the lecture was given before August, 1914, when there may still have been need for assurance as to this fact] but desires, in the words of the Reformer, to be a secular kingdom, a German kingdom, without tinsel or false appellations." Truly, Luther has had laid at his door many and great things—and the responsibility for modern Prussia is not the least of them!

But the contrary statement has also been made with great frequency—that Luther is not essentially German, that his teaching contains nothing peculiar to the German spirit, and that, his message and his leadership being universal, he belongs to the whole world. One exponent of this theory,—a Lutheran clergyman in one of our own

large cities,—urges that to this world-leader all countries are indebted, and none more than America. "We illustrate in practice," he writes, "the thoughts he (Luther) originated as does no other people. America's debt to Luther is one that every man, woman and child of her teeming millions should acknowledge" and for which they should never cease to be grateful. Making due allowance for the laudation of everything German, to which the world has been subjected during the last decade, let us ask ourselves if this statement is true. Are we indebted to Germany, either wholly or in part for the very institutions we have been brought up most to revere? Does America owe to her, as this man claims, her peerless prize of civil liberty, her separation of Church and state, her government by the people and for the people? If the war had not unmasked the German state for what it actually is, might our own national institutions have evolved to just such hideous conclusions? And if the answer be that in its source our national, social and religious life contains elements, identical or even similar to those of the German state, let us take the clergyman's thought, and, quite contrary to its original intention, use it as a timely warning.

JULIA CHICKERING.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part III

Section II (*Continued*)

A SKETCH of what the Germans have been throughout the centuries, unpleasant reading though it is, must be given and fully understood before the preposterous nature of German claims about such people as the Alsatians can be realized. It is not sufficient to read the Bryce report, and a few shocking newspaper articles, and then to turn back once more to the complacent and detached study of history and literature. German atrocities, German lies, the revelation of Germany, must be put side by side with one's reading of history, before that history is more than an interesting fiction,—as it stands today in large part manufactured by Germans or by German methods. No one thinks that the acts and thoughts of the Allied nations for the past two thousand years have been perfect, have been what they should be many times and on many occasions. But no one who knows will confuse the wrongdoings of England or of France with the wrongdoing, the hypocrisy, the perversion which Germany itself is. No one today would confuse England or France with Germany;—"By their fruits ye shall know them." But the fruits of Germany today are the product of the Germany of yesterday,—just as England and France today are the outgrowth of their respective pasts. Therefore, those several pasts should reveal the achievements of today, whether good or bad; and it should no more be impossible to distinguish between the historic Englishman, Frenchman and German, than it is at present. Moreover, if our reading of past history has failed to discern the causes underlying effects which today the War has made manifest, then our reading of history has been inadequate, and must be done anew. To say that sixty years of Prussian dominance produced "frightfulness" in the Bavarian and even the Saxon, is to beg the question. Why did the Bavarian and Saxon submit? Why does he even applaud? How was it possible that Saxon, Bavarian and Würtemberger should have united with Prussian in such a base and unholy alliance?

Expediency is the substance of almost all the answers put forward. But honorable men *never* find it even *expedient* to associate with avowed villains. There is no "honour" among thieves of the Prussian type. If they erect a code which they dub chivalry in imitation of their betters, it is *only* a game at which they play, and throw aside instantly when it is inconvenient. The essence of the thing escapes them because it is beyond them. South-eastern Germany has become Prussianized because it has never become civilized, despite its counterfeit veneer and intellectual development modelled upon that of France and England.

To understand Germany today, we must look not merely to her more recent political history, but to her character as it has developed from earliest days until now. And if today we see the German type turn to Prussian frightfulness—casting off all restraint or moral codes—while the Alsatian type turns, and has consistently for nearly three centuries turned, towards French standards, then we pronounce the Alsatian French and not German. There is no evidence at all, at any time, of Prussian frightfulness lying latent in the Alsatian breast. There has been an unbroken sequence of brutality, savagery, indecency and cruelty on the part of *all* native German peoples from the dawn of history until the hour in which I write. The *furor tutonicus* was a byword amongst Greeks, Romans, and throughout the Middle Ages. The evidence is overwhelming. The detail is so awful that it has instinctively been hushed up by writers both friendly and hostile. But in the days when our newspapers contain accounts of atrocities, which, though written, are rightly called unspeakable, it is no excuse to plead for a consideration of weak susceptibilities, to belittle facts, and to gild the base and vile. Smooth hypocracies must give place to plain speaking; delusions to hard facts.

We must look again to our history, and learn that despite the exalted claims of a Bernhardi,—indeed, of a whole people,—the Greek and Roman historians, and the writers and chroniclers of the Middle Ages, do not bear them out. There were no such things as "liberty and fair play, justice, honour, and purity" in the German forests; and certain honorable exceptions in specific cases in given individuals (as when Attila fed the starving Romans by stages so that they should not die of sudden repletion) —such praiseworthy exceptions are the raw material for future civilization, but they are not more than indications of genuine human attainment. Such is particularly true of Attila, whose occasional good impulses, most outrageously over-estimated in Germany, were consistently and fiercely resisted by his tribesmen.

The Greek and Roman accounts show striking similarities to the descriptions written today of these enemies of mankind. Says Nazarius (*c.* A. D. 321): "What shall I say of the Bructeri? What of the Chemavi? What of the Cherusci, the Vangiones, the Alamanni, the Tubantes? The very names cry out of war, and their pronunciation itself fills us with horror at the immensity of their barbarism." [1] Tacitus tells us that the ancestors of these tribes sacrificed living men. The Sennones met together in a sacred forest, and "after publicly offering up a human life, they celebrate the grim initiation of their barbarian rites."[2] Procopius, two centuries later (550-560) discovers, in this connection, one noticeable characteristic of the Germans,—religious hypocrisy. He says: "For these Barbarians, though they are Christians, yet they perform most

[1] *Panegericus,* Migne. *Pat. Lat.,* Vol. VIII, col. 595, xviii.

[2] *Germania,* XXXIX. We confess to a special keenness in quoting Tacitus, just because the Germans have distorted him so "ruthlessly."

of their ancient superstitious rites, immolating human victims, and performing other impious sacrifices by which they predict the future. Whoever catch sight of the army of the Goths, betake themselves in flight to the cities." [1]

Germans have altered Christianity to suit themselves, Christianity has not succeeded in changing them. Calling themselves Christian, they know nothing of the Christ Spirit, which they claim to be synonymous with the German Spirit *(Geist)*.

Pomponius Mela, writing about the time of Caligula, speaks of the "innate savagery" of the Germans of his day, and of their lust for war and plunder. "With them might is right, so much so that they are not even ashamed to rob and murder. They are, however, kind to their guests [who successfully eluded murder], and gentle with suppliants [!?]: they are so coarse and uncultured in their way of eating, that they even devour raw meat." [2]

A contemporary of Cæsar, Velleius Paterculus *(c.* 19 B. C. to A. D. 31) writes in his *History of Rome,* "But this people are savage to a degree almost inconceivable to anyone who has not had actual experience of them, and are, withal, a race born to deceit." [3] This characteristic of deceit is mentioned by nearly every Roman writer. Procopius says that the Goths knew their blood-relations too well to trust them; they "thought of obtaining assistance from some of the other barbarians [against the Roman General Belisarius], but they were careful not to call in the Germans, having already had experience of the craft and treachery of that race." [4] He elsewhere speaks of the east Franks (not the Romanized West-Franks) as "of all men the most prone to break faith," and he quotes a letter from Belisarius to Theudibert, reminding him that to break an oath embodied in writing was "disgraceful, even in the most dishonourable of men."

But let us examine some extended passages, to get a still more accurate and complete picture of the proceedings of these ancestors of modern Germans.

Florus and Tacitus describe in detail the defeat of the Roman Varus by Arminius (Hermann), and the atrocities committed by the German soldiers. Says Florus: "Never was slaughter more bloody than that which was made of the Romans among the marshes and woods. . . . Of some they gouged out the eyes; of others they cut off the hands; of one the mouth was sewed up after his tongue had been cut out, which one of the savages holding in his hand, cried out: 'At last, viper, cease to hiss!'" [5]

[1] *De Bello Gothico,* Lib. II, 25. *Cf.* Bouquet, tom II, p. 38.

[2] *De Situ Orbis,* Lib. III. cap. iii, pp. 261-2 in the edition of Nunnesei and Perizoni, pub. in Bavaria, 1748. We see that "Jus in viribus habent"—might is right—antedates Bismarck by 1700 years. Note that German "aristocrats" eat raw meat. Even Roman plebeians like Mela did not.

[3] *Natum mendacio genus,* II, 118.

[4] *The Gothic Wars,* ii. 22; second quote. 25. *Cf.* Bouquet, tom II, p. 39.

[5] *Epit. Rer. Rom.,* IV, 12. Vol. I, p. 471 of F. G. Sturzius' edition.

Tacitus describes the visit of Germanicus six years later to the same spot. "In the middle of the battle-field were bleached bones, scattered or in heaps, as the men fell in flight, or in a body, resisted to the last. Fragments of javelins and limbs of horses were lying about; and *there were human heads fixed to the trunks of trees* [chivalry again]. In groves close by were the barbarian altars on which the Tribunes and Centurions of the first rank had been slaughtered. And survivors of the disaster, who had escaped the fight or their chains, showed that here the legates fell, here the eagles were captured; here was where Varus received his first wound; this the place where he gave himself the mortal stab and died by his own hand. There was the tribunal where Arminius harangued his countrymen; here he fixed the gibbets; and there dug pits for the captives." [1]

This Arminius was a fine type, indeed, of the pure and noble German. Residing several years in Rome, he was invested by the Senate with the title "Amicus," on account of the friendship he professed for the Romans, and he had also been invested with the dignity of Roman knight. He studied the tactics and organization of his future adversaries, and though simulating friendship, had long been secretly stirring up some of the German tribes to rebellion. When the Roman General Varus decided to march against these tribes, Arminius promised to meet him at the Teutoberger Forest and support the attack. But the moment Varus arrived, Arminius led a furious assault against the three Roman legions, and cut them to pieces in the civilized way above described. Some time later one of Arminius' followers, Adgandestrius, offered to procure his death if poison were sent for the purpose of the murder, writing a letter to this effect to the Roman Senate. They, however, replied that the Roman people took vengeance on their enemies not by treachery or by any other secret measure, but openly by force of arms. This Germanicus accomplished. Arminius later betrayed and ravished the daughter of his fellow-countryman Segestes (compare with passage on purity above). He himself fell a victim to the treachery of his kinsmen. Despite his brutality and deceitfulness, Tacitus praises his patriotism. He is Germany's great hero today; they see only virtue in him; and a colossal statue now stands on the spot where his treachery against the Roman legions was consummated.[2] Tacitus incidentally mentions the fact that it was greed for plunder which saved the army of Germanicus from destruction at one point in the campaign, the Germans quite forgetting to fight in their eagerness to seek out the choicest booty.[3]

These people and Bernhardi's vision of them do not seem to agree. "They are such barbarians, that they do not understand peace," [4] says Florus; while in the phrase quoted by Zeller—"the eternal hatred, the

---

[1] *Annalium*, I, 61, ff.
[2] *Annalium*, I, 58, and II, 88, etc.
[3] *Op. cit.*, I, 65. What fault which they had of old have they not got today?
[4] *Op. cit.*, IV, cap. xii, 20-21.

inexpiable fury of this race"[1]—there is perhaps an epitome of their fundamental nature then as now.

Cæsar, first biographer of the Germans, praises little more than their hardihood and bravery. His text is thoroughly well-worked by the Germans. But at the very best his picture gives a striking contrast between the standards and civilization of his Roman legionaries (surely no very high criterion of Roman culture) and the barbarians they overcame. He met the best that Germany's forests had to offer. As to their religion and customs, much that he tells us is, on his own say-so, merely second-hand information, and must be estimated in that light. Of their morality he writes: "Sexual intercourse below the age of twenty is considered a disgrace to manhood; though, on the other hand, they are singularly free from all false modesty on this subject, and not only bathe together in their rivers, but even wear nothing more upon their bodies than a thin covering of deer or other skin, which necessarily leaves the greater portion bare."[2] This is again the picture of a primitive, animal virtue, nor is it exactly a *standard* of modesty; and be it noted that the Germans lost their simplicity and native virtue after contact with Roman vices, and retained, as they retain to this day, their lack of modesty.

Their lust for war and plunder was a source of bewonderment to most of the Roman writers, and has been a characteristic of them throughout the Middle Ages and up to the present day. Says Tacitus (and the Germans openly consider this as praise): "You will not so readily persuade them to till the land and to wait for the year's harvests as to challenge an enemy and earn themselves wounds. It seems to them to show a want of energy to get with the sweating of your brow what you can obtain by the shedding of your blood."[3] Cæsar relates: "Their whole life is spent in hunting and the pursuit of the art of war," and, "Among the tribes there is no more coveted distinction than to live in the center of a vast wilderness, that has been carved out with their own swords, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider it a distinctive mark of their prowess that their neighbors should be expelled from their lands, and they do not permit anyone to establish themselves near by. . . . Open brigandage, which is carried on beyond the boundaries of the state, carries with it no disgrace; rather it is held up to admiration as a natural outlet for the activities of youth, and to prevent sloth." These passages speak for themselves.

Let us conclude this recital of the early authorities on German manners and customs by quoting from one of the most reliable of the Roman historians, Ammianus Marcellinus. Of the Huns, he says, "They wear linen clothes, or else garments made of the skins of field-mice: nor do they wear a different dress out of doors from that which they wear at

[1] *Origines de l'Allemagne*, p. 221—*illius gentis odia perpetua et inexpiabiles iræ.* This book, pub. in 1872, is an admirable study.

[2] *De Bello Gothico*, VI, 21. The following quotation is from cap. 23.

[3] *Germania*, XIV; *cf. Annalium*, XIII, 57.

home, but after a tunic is once put round their necks, however it becomes worn, it is never taken off or changed till, from long decay, it becomes actually so ragged as to fall to pieces." However corrupt Roman baths may have become, they were more "civilized" than this. "In truces they are treacherous, and inconstant, being liable to change their minds at every breeze of every hope which presents itself, giving themselves up wholly to the impulse and inclination of the moment; and, like brute beasts, they are utterly ignorant of the distinction between right and wrong. They express themselves with great ambiguity and obscurity; have no respect for any religion or superstition whatever; are immoderately covetous of gold; and are so fickle and irascible, that they very often on the same day that they quarrel with their companions without any provocation, again become reconciled to them without any mediator. This active and indomitable race, being excited by an unrestrainable desire of plundering the possessions of others, went on ravaging and slaughtering all the nations in their neighborhood till they reached the Alani . . . etc."[1] Ammianus writes towards the end of the fourth century, not the twentieth.

He characterizes the Budini and Geloni as "a race of exceeding ferocity, who flay the enemies they have slain in battle, and make of their skins clothes for themselves and trappings for their horses." (13) Others —"live on human flesh" (15). The Alani are "in every respect equal to the Huns, only more civilized in their food and manner of life." . . . "Nor is there anything of which they boast with more pride than of having killed a man" (21, 23).

The conduct of Fritigern and the Goths with him in Thrace, seems to have been an ancestral rehearsal for recent events in Belgium, France, Serbia, Armenia, Italy and Russia. Having failed to take Adrianople by siege, they turned to ravage Thrace—"greatly encouraged by this circumstance, that a multitude of their nation came in daily who had formerly been sold as slaves by the merchants, together with many others, who, at the first passage of the river, when they were suffering from severe want, had been bartered for a little wine or a few morsels of bread. To these were added no small number of men skilled in tracing out veins of gold, but who were unable to endure the heavy burden of their taxes; and who, having been received with the cheerful consent of all, were of great use to them in traversing strange districts,—showing them the secret stores of grain, the retreats of men, and other hiding places of various kinds. Under their guidance nothing remained untouched except what was inaccessible or wholly out of the way; for without any distinction of age or sex they went forward destroying everything in one vast slaughter and conflagration: tearing infants even from their mothers' breasts, and butchering them; ravishing the mothers; slaughtering women's husbands before the eyes of those whom they thus

[1] *Rerum Gestarum Libri*, XXXI, Cap. ii, 5, 11, 12.

made widows; while boys, both young and adult, were dragged over the corpses of their parents. And finally, numbers of old men, crying out that they had lived long enough, having lost all their riches, together with beautiful women, had their hands bound behind their backs, and were driven into banishment, bewailing the ashes of their native homes." [1]

And the Germans call themselves the most highly civilized race throughout history!

St. Jerome writes in 395:—"Swarms of Huns burst forth, and flying hither and thither scatter slaughter and terror everywhere, . . . May Jesus protect the Roman world in future from such beasts! They were everywhere when they were least expected, and their speed outstripped the rumor of their approach; they spared neither religion nor dignity nor age; nor did they show pity to the cry of infancy. Babes, who had not yet begun to live, were forced to die; and, ignorant of the evils that were upon them, there was a smile upon their lips as they were held in the hands and threatened by the swords of the enemy." [2] To quote one more ecclesiactical writer, Salvianus, who followed Jerome by about a decade, wrote a moralizing treatise *On the Government of God.* He considers that the Germans were instruments of God's vengeance against the sins of the Romans; and while disparaging the Romans, and exhalting the Germans, he is yet compelled to admit that "The Saxon race is cruel, the Franks are faithless, the Gepidæ are inhuman, and the Huns impure —in short there is viciousness in the life of all the barbarian peoples." —But, to point the moral of his sermon, he asks—"But are their offenses as serious as ours? Is the unchastity of the Hun so criminal as ours? Is the faithlessness of the Frank so blameworthy as ours? Is the intemperance of the Alamanni so base as the intemperance of the Christians? Does the greed of the Alani so merit condemnation as the greed of the Christians? If the Hun or the Gepid cheat, what is there to wonder at, since he does not know that cheating is a crime? If a Frank perjure himself, does he do anything strange, he who regards perjury as a way of speaking, not as a crime? [3]

"The nation of the Goths is perfidious but modest, that of the Alani immodest but less perfidious; the Franks are liars but hospitable, the Saxons wild with cruelty, but to be admired for their chastity. All these nations, in short, have their especial good qualities as well as their peculiar vices." [4]

What are we to think today of a people who are now, and for a thousand years past, professing Christians, and yet the indictment of a priestly writer fifteen hundred years ago applies to them as much today as then? His apology for them is no longer valid, the sins they com-

---

[1] *Op. cit.*, XXXI, vi, 5, 6, and 7. V. Gardthausen edition, pp. 247-8.

[2] Epistle LXXVII, 8; p. 45 of Isadore Hilberg's ed. in *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum,* Vol. 55;—*"Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Epistulae,"* Pars II.

[3] *De Gubernatione Dei,* IV, cap. xiv, par. 67-8. *Mon. Germ.* Auc. Ant., I, p. 40.

[4] vii, 15.

mitted then are with them today, and with the exception of the Franks—if they were German—they have lost even the virtues which he, at least, attributes to them. Truly, once a German always a German seems to be an indisputable historic fact.

No better summary of the Roman view of the Germans could be cited than that of Zeller in the first volume of his *Histoire D'Allemagne.* "There is no such thing as a sure treaty with these barbarians. They dethrone the kings which are given them, and set up others in their places; they receive money or lands from their enemies or even their own allies as the price of peace, and immediately afterwards break that peace; Marcus Aurelius had not time to have a medal struck announcing to the world the conclusion of a permanent peace with the Germans before it was violated by them.

"The Germans never take service in the Roman armies except for the purpose of learning how to fight them; they never go to carry on trade in the Roman provinces except for the purpose of spying; they never swear an oath to the Romans without the intention of breaking it; they never sign a peace except with the object of preparing for war; they make no use of money paid them except to procure arms with it; they accept a footing in the Empire only that they may be in a better position to lay it waste. For them there is no promise given to the enemy outside the frontier that binds, no engagement, no moral or international law. The nations of classical antiquity, even in time of war, respected law, and the rights of men. Against his neighbor, who is also his enemy, the German considers everything to be lawful: *jus in viribus habet,* said Pomponius Mela; for them, might is right." [1]

* * * * * *

The picture given above is in the nature of things incomplete, but it is in all essential particulars exact. It is far more accurate than that of the honorable and chivalrous aristocrats, who slid down Italian glaciers on their shields, pictured by Menzel. The Prussian programme of 1902 for higher schools lays down the absolute instruction to all teachers that "the history of nations outside Germany is to be considered only as it is of importance for German history."[2] This is reiterated in 1912. In case Menzel be considered an antiquated and discredited historian, we recommend the perusal of the above *Lehrpläne,* as also that of any, even the most recent German school text-books.[3] The German public are fed on such pabulum, and German "science" has countenanced and furthered their efforts systematically. They have had an amazing audacity, because the sources and texts above quoted are in every library, accessible

[1] *Origines de l'Allemagne,* p. 194. Published in 1891, 4th edition.

[2] Quoted in J. F. Scott, Ph.D.—*Patriots in the Making,* an exceedingly painstaking and rather modern study of the contrasting methods of France and Germany,—p. 182. Official Lehrpläne, etc., p. 215, *passim.* Scott is nothing if not impartial.

[3] As, for example, the series of David Müller, Neubauer, *Lehrbuch;* Schenk-Koch, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte,* and also Lange, *Leitfaden;* Lauer, *Weltgeschichte;* Daniel, *Lehrbuch;* Andrä, *Erzählungen,* etc.

to all. No wonder they have despised the colossal stupidity of some other people! But the need is for awakening, revision, reconstruction. It is no longer possible to live on the surface, and when Germany claims Alsace-Lorraine as German, let us realize who it is that makes the claim, and what the full significance of the claim is.

Was the *urdeutsch* ancestor of the Alsatian one of *"tales bestias"?* We have already indicated that for *centuries* the Alsatian was a Roman citizen, with all the refining influences which that implied. Hansi's delightfully overdrawn pictures illustrative of the history of his native land convey a truth which the German neglects to verify. Celt or Romanized-Frank, the Alsatian was a Roman, fought in the Roman legions, went to the Roman schools, frequented his own famous Roman baths, and dressed, acted, lived, like the Roman. Certainly throughout the *urdeutsch* period the only crass barbarism he knew was an unwelcome importation from Germany. Nor, in any scale of comparison whatsoever, can the Alsace of the Roman Empire and, even before, of Celtic days, be set beneath the savagery of Teutonic forests.

When it comes to the Middle Age period, another test, and other standards, must be used. The Germans became more restrained in certain respects; life in cities altered the expression of their racial characteristics; intermarriage led to modifications of type. The earlier period is one of sharp contrasts and violent oscillations. But out of the maëlstrom emerged groups of peoples, all various intermixtures of differing elements,—and no two groups alike,—which had been attracted by some common ground of interest or action, by contiguity, by the chance isolation of geographic boundaries, or by some even stronger religious or idealistic principle. These groups, for years more or less independent, were in their turn regrouped in larger units, dominated by some one of their number more virile than the rest, and able to give its less favored neighbours not merely material protection, but the intellectual and spiritual leadership which liberated and developed them.

The same process of aggregation and regrouping took place throughout Europe. The larger resulting units we call nations. France was the first of such nations to emerge; and Alsace-Lorraine were fertile and influential members of this larger group. Germany, as said, was the last such aggregation to arrive at a common consciousness, and that only completely in 1870, under the heel of Bismark.

The elements of French national consciousness were therefore in existence long before that of Germany; and it is our task to analyse certain essential features of that consciousness, with their relation to that of the Alsatian group consciousness; and then, further, to trace the German characteristics, which, through centuries of unsuccessful effort, finally achieved a national unity under the Iron Chancellor.

A. G.

(To be continued)

REPRINT

THE TIDE OF LIFE.*

(Annotated by H. P. Blavatsky)

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

THAT the book of Genesis is not a homogeneous work, but is composed of several distinct and widely different books, becomes evident from a slight examination. The first thirty-four verses form the first and apparently the most ancient of these. This treatise contains a system of cosmogony closely resembling that of the Puranas and Upanishads. The origin of this ancient tract, and the causes which led to its incorporation with the Hebrew scriptures, we can only guess at. Its source may have been some venerable hieratic manuscript brought by Moses from the temple-libraries of Egypt, where it had lain for thousands of years, from the time when the colonists of Egypt left their early home in ancient India. Or it came, perhaps, from the Chaldean Magians, the inheritors of the sacred Iranian lore, the younger sister of the wisdom-religion of the mother-land of the Aryas. This much we know, that it contains a Divine Cosmogony, of evident Oriental character, and almost identical with the Archaic Sacred theories of the East.

This tract splits off like a flake from the story of Adam and Eve which, from its more vivid colour, has almost cast it into the shade, and a mere preface or pendant to which it has erroneously been considered to be. To make this separation more clearly apparent, a few of the lines of cleavage may be shewn.[1] To begin with, we find two quite different and distinct accounts of the "Creation."

* Reprinted from *The Path*, April and May, 1888.

[1] The esoteric teaching accounts for it. The first chapter of Genesis, or the Elohistic version, does not treat of the creation of man at all. It is what the Hindu Puranas call the *Primal* creation, while the second chapter is the *Secondary* creation or that of our globe of man. Adam Kadmon is no *man*, but the *protologos*, the collective Sephirothal Tree—the "Heavenly Man," the *vehicle* (or Vahan) used by En-Soph to manifest in the phenomenal world (see Zohar): and as the "male and female" Adam is the "Archetypal man," so the *animals* mentioned in the first chapter are the *sacred* animals, or the Zodiacal signs, while "Light" refers to the angels so called.—H. P. B.

(1) In the more ancient cosmogony, contained in the first thirty-four verses, the account of the formation of man is similar to, and parallel with, that of the animals.[1]

"The Elohim created man, male and female."

While the second and later account introduces the distinct and peculiar story of the creation of Adam from dust, and of Eve from Adam's rib. Besides this, earlier in the second account, we find that the formation of man as detailed in the first tract is entirely ignored by the words—

"There was not a man to till the ground."[2]

and this nine verses after it had been chronicled that "God created man."

(2) In the more ancient tract, man and woman are created together, and over them is pronounced the blessing—

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth,"

yet in the subsequent story of Adam and Eve, the absence of woman is marked by the words—

"It is not good that the man should be alone:"

and further on, in the story of Eden, the children of Eve are foretold with a curse and not with a blessing,

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception,"

for, in this story, while Adam and Eve remained unfallen they remained childless.

(3) We read in the first account that—

"The Earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed, and fruit tree."

---

[1] *Vide supra*—"The great whale" (v21) is the *Makara* of the Hindu Zodiac—translated very queerly as "Capricorn," whereas it is not even a "Crocodile," as "Makara" is translated, but a nondescript aquatic monster, the "Leviathan" in Hebrew symbolism, and the vehicle of Vishnu. Whoever may be right in the recent polemical quarrel on *Genesis* between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Huxley, it is not Genesis that is guilty of the error imputed. The Elohistic portion of it is charged with the great zoological blunder of placing the evolution of the birds before the reptiles (*Vide—"Modern Science and Modern Thought,"* by Mr. S. Laing), and Mr. Gladstone is twitted with supporting it. But one has but to read the Hebrew text to find that Verse 20 (Chap. 1) does speak of reptiles before the birds. And God said let the waters bring forth abundantly the (*swimming and creeping,* not) moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly," etc. This ought to settle the quarrel and justify Genesis, for here we find it in a perfect zoological order—first the evolution of grass, then of larger vegetation, then of fish (or mollusks), reptiles, birds, etc., etc. Genesis is a purely symbolical and kabalistic volume. It can neither be understood nor appreciated, if judged on the mistranslations and misinterpretations of its Christian remodellers.—H. P. B.

[2] Because Adam is the Symbol of the first *terrestrial* Man or Humanity—H. P. B.

This is ignored in the second account, when we read twenty-four verses later,

"No plant of the field was yet in the earth,"

Similarly, we have a second and distinct account of the formation of the animal kingdom; which, moreover, comes after the Seventh day "on which God rested from all his work which he had created and made."[1]

(4) In the first account the order of creation is as follows:—

"Birds; beasts; man; woman";

In the second, we find the order changed,

"Man; beasts; fowls; woman."

In the one case man is created to rule the beasts; in the other the beasts are created as companions for man.

(5) In the first account all herbs and fruits are given to man unreservedly—

"I have given you *every* tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed,"

In the second we read—

"Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it."

(6) All through the earlier cosmogony the Divine Creative Energy is called "Elohim"; thus in the first verse we read—

"*Berashit bara Elohim.*"

In the story of Adam and Eve this title is replaced by another, "Jehovah" or "Yava." In the English the difference is veiled by translating the former "God," though it is a plural form, while the latter becomes "the Lord God." In other parts of the Bible several other titles of Deity are introduced, "El," "Adon-ai," "El Shaddai."

(7) The early cosmogony gives to man a Divine dignity from the first:—

"The Elohim created man in their own image; in the image of the Elohim created they him,"

In the story of Adam and Eve this likeness to the Divine comes only after the forbidden fruit is eaten, when man has fallen; then it was that

"Jehovah said, The man is become as one of us."

---

[1] *Genesis* being an eastern work, it has to be read in its own language. It is in full agreement, when understood, with the universal cosmogony and evolution of life as given in the Secret Doctrine of the Archaic Ages. The last word of Science is far from being uttered yet. Esoteric philosophy teaches that man was the first living being to appear on earth, all the animal world coming *after* him. This will be proclaimed absurdly *unscientific*. But see in *Lucifer*—"The Latest Romance of Science."—H. P. B.

These facts warrant us in considering this Divine cosmogony, contained in the first thirty-four verses of Genesis, separate and distinct from the less orderly and scientific, though more popular, story of Adam and Eve.

At the present time when the apparent antagonism between modern evolutionary doctrines and the doctrine of the Adamic Creation is perplexing many, it may not be out of place to draw attention to this earlier and more scientific cosmogony, and to point out that not only is it perfectly in accordance with the latest ascertained facts, but that it is probably "more scientific than the scientists," in that it recognized clearly the dual character of evolution, while modern thought manifests too great a tendency to onesidedness.

The doctrine of this first cosmogony of Genesis is that of the formation of the phenomenal universe by the expansive or emanative power of the great unmanifested Reality, or underlying Divine Vigor in virtue of which existence is possible. This unmanifested Reality has no name in the West, but it may be called with the Hindu Vedantins, *Parabrahm.* After a period of Cosmic rest called in the East a *Night of Brahma,* the Unmanifested, by its inherent expansive power, sends forth from itself a series of emanations.

The first emanation, the only Divine and eternal one, which is conceived as lasting even through the *Night of Brahma,* is the Logos. The second emanation is what was called by the cabalistic philosophers the "fifth essence," counting "fire," "air," "water," and "earth" as the other four. It may be termed "Spiritual Ether." From Ether proceeded the element called by the cabalists "fire"; from fire proceeded "air"; from air proceeded the element "water"; from water, "earth."

These five—ether, fire, air, water, earth, are the five emanations which, in their various phases and combinations, make up the phenomenal universe, the Logos being considered Divine and subjective, or noumenal. From Earth sprang, in order, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and finally Man.

The "elements," as understood in the above classification, are by no means to be confounded with the elements of modern chemistry; they are arrived at by an entirely different though equally scientific course of reasoning.

In the cosmogony of Genesis the Divine Underlying Reality is called God. The expansive power by which, after the period of cosmic rest, the phenomenal universe was formed is thus described:—

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

This "in the beginning," marks off from eternity the point at which the present period of cosmic activity, or *Day of Brahma,* began; when the Universe proceeded from "the everlasting bosom of God" to which it must return when this period comes to an end. Modern scientists are not without some dim perception of this process of emanation and

absorption, as may be seen from the speculations in the "Unseen Universe," [1] though the authors of this work confine themselves chiefly to the last emanation, that of physical matter from the emanation which preceded it. Whence the universe emerged, thither also must it return; a truth clear to the pure insight of Shakespeare—

> ". . . Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

God, the eternal Parabrahm, remains unchanged; with God remains the Logos, the first and eternal emanation—

> "The spirit of God . . .
> which, dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss."

This "vast abyss," or, as it is styled in the cosmogony of Genesis—

> "The face of the waters,"

is what we called the elemental Ether, the "Akâsa" of the Upanishads. It is of ethereal nature, and is the plane of sound, answering to the sense of hearing; that it is the plane of sound has been taught by the Brahmans and the cabalists, and may be inferred from various considerations, amongst others from the difficulty of locating sounds in their immediate material sources (they having, as it were, an immaterial character), and from their spiritual, ethereal nature.

This element of ether has within it the possibility of innumerable sounds and changes of sound; according to the cabalists the sound becomes apparent to our senses only when it strikes against a material object, such as a vibrating violin-string, which becomes merely a point of reflection for the all-pervading element of sound; just as a beam of sunlight becomes apparent only by reflection from particles of dust floating in the air.[2]

Next in order after the emanation of ether, the matrix of sound, comes the elemental Light, the "fire-element" of the cabalists. It corresponds to the plane of colour and the sense of sight, which should rightly be called the "colour-sense." For colour is really the only quality perceived by the eye. "All objects," says Ruskin, "appear to the human eye simply as masses of colour. Take a crocus, and put it on a green cloth. You will see it detach itself as a mere space of yellow from the

[1] "The Unseen Universe," by Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait.—(C. J.)

[2] While taking this view of sound, we are, of course, perfectly acquainted with modern researches and speculations on the subject. Our standpoint, however, is so widely different from that of modern science that no comparison with its teachings is possible.

green behind it, as it does from the grass. Hold it up against the window, you will see it detach itself as a dark space against the white or blue behind it. In either case its outline is the limit of the space of colour by which it expresses itself to your sight. The fact is that all nature is seen as a mosaic composed of graduated portions of different colours."[1] This light, or colour-element, is a pure element containing within itself the possibility of all varieties of colour. After its formation, we find the words—

"The evening and the morning were the first day,"

introducing the element of time first with this emanation. The Logos is, as we have seen, eternal; and the immaterial, semi-physical element of Ether is, as it were, the borderland between the subjective eternal Logos and the objective elements of *fire, air, water, and earth.*

After this light-emanation comes the element called by the cabalists "Air." Its formation in the cosmogony of Genesis is marked by the words—

"The Elohim said, Let there be an Expanse."

This word, for a long time wrongly translated "firmament," is chosen to express the air element, because from this element we derive the idea of the extension or expansiveness of a body—its ability to fill a certain quantity of space. The air-element corresponds to the sense of touch, so far as this sense conveys the idea of "expansiveness" or "extension." The sense of touch differs from the senses of sound and sight, in that it is distributed all over the surface of the skin, while they are confined to definite sense-organs, or spaces of localized sensitiveness, and, in proportion as the eye and ear have gained in sensitiveness to light and sound, the rest of the skin has lost its power of responding to these sensations. The whole surface of the body is, on the contrary, still sensitive to touch, as also to the sensation of heat.[2] There is reason to believe that at one time the body's whole surface could respond equally to all sensations;[3] the special organs of sense not being then developed, just as the whole surface of the jelly fish still responds to the stimulus of light. An analogy to this condition of unspecialized sensitiveness is furnished by modern experiments in thought transference, from which it appears that the sensations of sound, colour, taste, touch, and smell are all transferred from one mind to another with equal ease. There are some grounds for the belief that when an organ is specialized for some particular sensation it loses the power of responding to other sensations; that the retina,

[1] Ruskin, "Lectures on Art," p. 125.

[2] For speculations on a specialized heat sense we may refer to Mr. R. A. Proctor's ideal visit to Saturn's Satellites.

[3] Readers will remember the translations which appeared in *The Path* some time ago giving the German Mystic Kernning's teachings hereupon.—(W. Q. J.)

for instance, will be insensible to heat.[1] The sensations of heat and touch are, as we have seen, distributed over the whole surface of the skin; and from this fact, among others, we are led to consider heat as well as touch an attribute of the element "air." Another reason for this conclusion is the fact that we find heat always associated with expansiveness, or extension. As elucidating this point we may quote the researches in the solidification of gases, and speculations on "absolute zero" in temperature, though want of space precludes us from more than merely referring to them. After air comes the element of water, marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words:—

"The Elohim said, Let the waters be gathered together."

This elemental water corresponds to the sense of taste, and in part to the idea of molecular motion; the motion of masses being one of the ideas attached to the Air-element. It might be thought that the sensation of taste might also be derived from solid bodies; but that this is not so may be inferred from recent scientific researches, which have demonstrated that all bodies, even the metals, and ice far below zero, are covered with a thin layer of liquid, and it is from this liquid layer that we get the sensation of taste from solids. In this element of water are the potentialities of innumerable tastes, every organic body, and even minerals and metals, having a distinctive taste; zinc and steel among the metals for instance, and sugar, vinegar, and wine in the organic world.

This element is followed by the last emanation, the Earth-element of the cabalists, marked in the cosmogony of Genesis by the words,

"The Elohim said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so, and the Elohim called the dry land Earth."

This emanation corresponds to the extreme of materiality, solidity, and, amongst the senses, to smell. A piece of camphor, for example, throws off small solid particles in every direction, and these, coming in contact with the nerves specialized to this sense, produce the sensation of smell. This Earth-element is the last emanation strictly so-called. To this point the outer expansion of *Parabrahm* has been tending, and from this point the wave of spirit must again recede.

It must be here stated that these elements, fire, air, water, and earth, are not what we ordinarily mean by these terms, but are, so to speak, the pure elemental or spiritual counterparts of these. Down to this point, Form has been gradually developing, being destined to combine with each of the elements in turn, in the ascending scale.

"Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not."

[1] *Vide* some experiments with thermal rays in Tyndall's "Heat a Mode of Motion."

Form exists on an ideal plane, as a purely abstract conception; into this region, and the similar one of Number, pure mathematics have penetrated.[1]

Modern speculations,[2] as well as the ancient cabalists, have asserted that every geometrical form, as well as every number, has a definite, innate relation to some particular entity on the other planes, to some colour or tone for instance; and there is good reason to believe that this holds true of all the planes, that the entities on each of them are bound to the entities on all the others by certain spiritual relations which run like threads of gold through the different planes, binding them all together in one Divine Unity.[3]

From the standpoint of the terrestrial Globe, the first modification of the last emanation, Primordial Earth, is the mineral kingdom, in which the primal earthy matter is modified by the element of Form. There is every reason to believe that, if any existing mineral or metal could be reduced to the condition of "primordial earth," it could be reformed into any other mineral or metal. The specialization of the minerals, or "formation of the mineral kingdom," is perhaps marked in the Genesis-Cosmogony by the words,—

"The Elohim called the dry land Earth,"

Name and Form being cognate attributes of a specialized entity. As we have seen the gradual evolution of form in the descent from spirit to matter, so the gradual dissipation of form will be seen in the ascent from matter to spirit. The crystal, for example, retains its form always unchanged, and the form of the tree is more lasting than that of the bird or animal. The second modification of the Earth element, still

---

[1] It is through the power to see and use these "abstract" forms that the Adept is able to evolve before our eyes any object desired—a miracle to the Christian, a fraud for the materialist. Countless myriads of forms are in that ideal sphere, and matter exists in the astral light, or even in the atmosphere, that has passed through all forms possible for us to conceive of. All that the Adept has to do is to select the "abstract form" desired, then to hold it before him with a force and intensity unknown to the men of this hurried age, while he draws into its boundaries the matter required to make it visible. How easy this to state, how difficult to believe; yet quite true, as many a theosophist very well knows. The oftener this is done with any one form, the easier it becomes. And so it is with Nature: her ease of production grows like a habit.—(H. P. B.)

[2] "Geometrical Psychology," Miss Louisa Cook.

[3] Here is the key so much desired by enterprising—indeed all—students. It is by means of these correllations of color, sound, form, number, and substance that the trained will of the Initiate rules and uses the denizens of the elemental world. Many theosophists have had slight conscious relations with elementals, but always without their will acting, and, upon trying to make elementals see, hear, or act for them, a total indifference on the part of the nature spirit is all they have got in return. These failures are due to the fact that the elemental cannot understand the thought of the person; it can only be reached when the exact scale of being to which it belongs is vibrated, whether it be that of colour, form, sound, or whatever else.—(H. P. B.)

from the standpoint of the world, is the vegetable kingdom, in which to form and substance is added molecular motion, or vitality, called in Brahman cosmologies *Jiva.*

This vitality, or capacity for molecular change, corresponds, as we have seen, to the water element; one of the elements, in ascending order of spirituality, being picked up by each of the successive kingdoms of ascending evolution. The formation of the vegetable kingdom is marked in the Genesis cosmogony by the words—

> "The earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed, and tree bearing fruit,"

words which point to a perfectly natural evolutionary process under the energizing power of spirit—the physical aspect of which is the "Tendency to Evolution" of the Scientists,—and not that violent and unnatural process termed a "creative act."

We may remark, by the way, that the three divisions of the vegetable kingdom in this cosmogony correspond to three perfectly well defined geological epochs, that of the Cryptograms, of the Phaenogams, and of the Fruit-trees, examples of which are respectively ferns, pines, and orange-trees.[1]

These two changes of matter are looked at, as we have said, from the standpoint of the Earth. The cosmogony now pauses, and, in order to make its account of Evolution complete, inserts here the first change of the same element from a different point of view, that of astronomy. This first change is the congregation of the primal nebulous matter into suns and planets, marked by the words—

> "The Elohim said, Let there be Lights in the firmament,"

the sun, moon, and stars being subsequently particularized. From our previous views of the Elemental Light we shall be fully prepared to infer that, just as what we call sonant bodies seem not to be real sound-creators, but merely sound-reflectors, so these "Lights in the firmament" may not be real light-creators, but merely light-reflectors; and this view is borne out by the fact that in this cosmogony the formation of Light precedes that of the Light-givers. Leaving the astronomical standpoint, let us consider the next step in upward evolution.

To the shape, substance, and vitality of the plant—drawn respectively from the Elements of Form, Earth, and Water—the animal kingdom adds locomotion, corresponding to the Air element, one attribute of which we have seen to be that locomotion, or movement as a whole, which distinguishes the animal from the plant. Thus we see another link of the ascending chain of the elements picked up. The earliest representatives of this kingdom are, as modern science has shewn, the

[1] For further information on this point readers are referred to "The Color-Sense" by Grant Allen.

protozoa,—water-animalcules. Their formation is correctly placed first in the Genesis cosmogony, marked by the words—

> "The Elohim said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature which hath life."

Here we again find words which distinctly mark a perfectly natural process of development. Just as we had the earth "bringing forth grass"—or "sprouting forth sproutage," to translate it more literally—we now have the waters "bringing forth the moving creature which hath life," as soon as proper cosmic and elemental conditions were presented. If the proper cosmic and elemental conditions could be artificially produced, we have every reason to believe the "tendency of Evolution," or the "Downward pressure of spirit," might again cause the waters to produce the "moving creature which hath life"—the *monera,*—in fact, that what is unscientifically termed "spontaneous generation" might take place. After this follows the formation of fish, birds, and beasts,—the vertebrates or "back boned" creatures; the invertebrates being grouped under the two general heads of the "moving creatures in the water" and the "creeping things upon the earth." In the account of the production of the animal kingdom and of the birds, we have terms used which could only apply to a natural process of development, and not to a "creative act."

> "The Elohim said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its nature, cattle, and the beasts of the earth."

The Animal Kingdom adds to the plant the quality of locomotion under the stimulus of the instincts,—which corresponds, as we have seen, to the air-element. A slight consideration of the nature of this locomotion under stimulus will shew that we are justified in assigning this quality, with its distinctive element, to the principle of *Kama* in certain Eastern classifications.[1]

Could this principle—or, rather, the specialized portion of the air-element embodying it—be isolated from the lower elements, we should have a sort of aeriform vehicle, or ethereal body, depending for its form on the attractions specializing it. Of such an isolated air-body we shall speak when we come to treat of the elements.

Three times has the earth *brought forth,*—plants, fishes, animals. But at this point we perceive a change. Evolution so far, from the mineral, through the vegetable, up to the animal, appears as an ascending arc. In this the cosmogony of Genesis agrees with the sacred theories of the East, as well as with the views of modern science. But in Man we find a turning point, at which the ancient cosmogonies agree in branching off from modern science. The sacred theories of the East teach that man is the result of two converging curves of evolution, the one curve ascending through the vegetable and animal kingdom and

[1] *Vide* "Esoteric Buddhism," chapter on "The constitution of man."

marking the evolution of the physical body, while the other curve descends from a superphysical, spiritual race, called by some the "Progenitors" or *"Pitris,"* by others the "Planetary Spirits" or "Descending *Dhyan Chohans.*" This curve marks the downward evolution of man's spiritual nature, the development of the soul.[1]

As we should expect from the Oriental character and high antiquity of the cosmogony of Genesis,—dating as it does from a time when the "downward evolution of the soul" had not progressed so far as it now has, and when man had not yet lost his spiritual insight,—we find this doctrine of man's divine progenitors clearly visible. In the case of the plants, animals, and marine creatures, we found terms applied which could only be used of a regular, unbroken process. When we reach Man, a new and striking expression is introduced—

> "The Elohim created man in their image, in the image of the Elohim created they man."

The pressure of the descending evolution of the Planetary Spirits or Elohim—seeking for objective, physical existence—upon the previously formed animal kingdom, caused the evolution of a fitting physical vehicle from the highest representatives of that kingdom. Hence we get physical man as we know him, descended on the one side from the animal kingdom, and on the other from his divine progenitors, the Planetary Spirits. We have compared this dual evolution to two converging curves. A too great attraction towards the material, physical side of man's nature keeps the modern materialist from seeing more than one of these curves. The modern Scientist is colour-blind to spirit, to him man is merely—

> "A quintessence of dust."

But to intuitional minds at the present day, as to our more spiritual ancestors, both curves are visible; besides the physical man they could see the spiritual man

> "In action like an angel; in apprehension like a God."

To return to the standpoint from which we viewed the previous kingdoms, we perceive that the introduction of this new factor in evolu-

[1] There is an important point in the teachings of the Secret Doctrine which has been continually neglected. The above described evolution—the spiritual falling into the physical, or from mineral up to man, takes place only during the first and the two subsequent Rounds. At the beginning of the fourth "Round" in the middle of which begins the turning point upward—i.e., from the physical up to the spiritual, man is said to appear before anything else on earth, the vegetation which covered the earth belonging to the third Round, and being quite ethereal, transparent. The first man (Humanity) is Ethereal too, for he is but the shadow (*Chhaya*) "in the image" of his progenitors, because he is the "astral body" or image of his *Pitar* (father). This is why in India gods are said to have no shadows. After which and from this primeval race, evolution supplies man with a "coat of skin" from the terrestrial elements and kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal.—[H. P. B.]

tion corresponds to the addition from above of a new element in the series of ascending spirituality. With man is added the Fire-Element, in its aspect of the divine light or reason. It corresponds to *Manas* in Eastern systems. Another aspect of *Manas,* considered idealistically this time, by virtue of which it "creates for itself an external world of delight" (Vide Sankaracharya's *"Viveka Chudamani"*), would correspond to the quality of colour in the fire element. Of the earliest races of men we learn that they were purely frugivorous and perhaps androgyne.

With the formation of man the cosmogony of Genesis closes. We are justified in supposing that, as the union of form with the elements of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire produced the objective Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Human kingdoms, so these elements, divorced from Form, should have their appropriate kingdoms of beings, or forms of life, if we can use this term for something so widely different from all ordinary forms of life. These subjective kingdoms of the four elements would correspond to the Rosicrucian conceptions of "primordial earth" and the "Fire, Air, and Water Elementals."

We may go further than this, and, carrying on our inference, postulate for the spiritual ether, and even for the divine Logos, their appropriate qualities of being. To a conception somewhat similar to what the last of these would involve, the Gnostics gave the name of Aeons; for the first—the ether beings—we have the Indian titles of *gandharva,*—celestial musician,—or *Deva.* But having gone thus far, we are driven a step further. We have already seen all the links in the chain of elements in ascending spirituality picked up one by one by the ascending tide of Evolution, up to the elemental fire; let us advance a step, and postulate that the other two emanations or planes—the Ether-Spirit and the Logos—should ultimately be picked up by the Evolutionary tide. With the resumption of the first, instead of a human being we should have a "Spiritual Man," and from a reunion with the Logos we should have a "Divine Man, Perfected and Eternal," or, giving to these conceptions the names already appropriated to them in the East, we should have in the first case a *Mahatma,* in the second a perfect *Buddha.*

It is now time to point out that the pure elements of Ether, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth are not these bodies as we know them. The five classes of objects (corresponding to these five elements) known to us, being all on the physical plane, all belong properly to a single category, and may be called for the sake of distinction the Mundane Elements. To make this clearer, let us suppose that Mundane Earth—the mineral kingdom in its various forms—is composed of five parts of the element earth while Mundane Water (everything cognized by the sense of taste) is composed of four parts of the element of earth added to one part of the element of water. Similarly the Air-element known to

us on the physical plane (corresponding, as we have seen, to the sense of touch) is composed of four parts of the earth element, with one part of the pure elemental air added; and the Fire and Ether elements as known to our physical or waking consciousness are each composed of four parts—with one part of fire and ether respectively added.

These considerations will prepare us to believe that the real elements are purer and more spiritual than their representatives on the physical plane,[1] and that they will be represented by different compounds on each plane (or as it is called in some works, *planet*) on the water plane (or planet): for instance, what we may for convenience term Undine Earth will be represented by four parts of the Water element and one part of the earth-element; Undine water will be five parts elemental water; while Undine air will be composed of four parts elemental water, added to one part elemental air, and so on.

The composition of the elements as present on each plane or planet may similarly be deduced by observing carefully the principle which governs these combinations. We should warn our readers that these examples are given by way of illustration, and not as representing accurately and numerically the combined elements as they actually occur; they are really formed on a much more complex principle.[2]

In our illustrations we have, for convenience sake, confined ourselves to the five objective elements, though of course it must not be forgotten that the energizing spirit runs through the whole series on every plane.

The pure spiritual or elemental ether is the macrocosmic counterpart of that principle of the microcosm termed *Buddhi* by eastern mystics.[3]

The Logos corresponds to *Atma* in the same speculations.

We have seen that to the four principles—Form or *Linga,* Vitality or *Jiva,* Substance or *Sthula Sarira,* motion under desire or *Kama*—of the animal, Man has added a fifth,—corresponding to the macrocosmic elemental Fire,—human reason, or *Manas.*

Our speculations as to the two superhuman Kingdoms are also in harmony with these eastern theories; the element of *Buddhi* being added to form the *Mahatma;* and *Atma* completing the *Buddha,* perfected and divine.

---

[1] This is one reason for calling the objective phenomenal world an "illusion." It is an illusion and ever impermanent because the matter of which the objects are composed continually returns to the primordial condition of matter, where it is invisible to mortal eyes. The earth, water, air, and fire that we think we see are respectively only the effects produced on our senses by the primordial matter held in either of the combinations that bring about the vibration properly belonging to those classes: the moment the combination is entirely broken, the phenomena cease and we see the objects no more.—[H. P. B.]

[2] *Vide* "Man; Fragments of Forgotten History," p. 13, note.

[3] *Vide* "Esoteric Buddhism."

The perfect Buddha, though not possessing a physical body, or, indeed, being united to principles on any of the objective planes, will still retain the spiritual counterparts of these principles, corresponding to groups of experiences gained on each plane. It is by these spiritual principles that the *Buddha* is richer than the *Aeon;* it is in virtue of them that the *Ascending* excels the *Descending Planetary Spirit,* or *Dhyan Chohan.* These spiritual principles constitute the end and aim of evolution, and justify the cosmic expansion and involution.

The evolutionary tide, in generating the higher kingdoms, has flowed, as we have seen, from the earth-element towards pure Spirit. In obedience to this tendency, man in achieving his apotheosis must, gradually loosing his hold on the world of Matter, add to his treasure in the worlds divine; until humanity becomes ever freer, stronger, and more perfect, and returns at last, refreshed, to his home in the bosom of the perfect God.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
F. T. S.

WHY SHOULD I WANT TO BE A SAINT?

THIS question is not as simple as it seems. Theoretically everyone should want to be a saint, and, if asked the question point blank, many people would say so. But if the questioner persisted, and asked, "Why do you want to be a saint?" the replies would vary widely, and in nearly every case, would be inadequate, vague, unconvincing and unreal. Such people know but little more than the other, and perhaps larger, category who, in reply to the original question, would say frankly and flatly, "I don't want to be a saint."

The fact is that we all should greatly desire to become saints and if we knew enough the desire would be one of the main motives of our lives.

Let us take up, first, those who do not desire to be saints and who say so. What is the matter? The answer is ignorance. They understand neither what being a saint means, nor what not trying to be one leads to. It is difficult for a reader of this magazine to realize how utterly ignorant the average man and woman is about such things, for no one reads the QUARTERLY who is not interested to some extent in saintliness, and no one can be interested without knowing something about it. The vast majority of people, however, do not read the QUARTERLY or anything else which bears on the spiritual life; they do not talk about it; and sedulously eschew thinking about it. It is a distinct shock and a most uncomfortable experience when they are accidentally brought face to face with something or some person which thrusts it on their unwilling attention. I remember very well an amusing incident that happened to me once when a prominent banker with whom I had a slight acquaintance happened to sit down next to me in a smoking car, and asked me what I was reading. It was an innocent looking, red-covered book of the novel size, but its title showed that it was a treatise not only on religion, but on an intimate and personal kind of religion. I handed the book to him without comment. He looked at the title negligently, stared at it again with blank amazement, looked at me to be sure he had not mistaken me for some one else, and handed me back the book very much as a bachelor hands back a young baby which a foolish mother has forced into his unwilling arms. The poor man was so uncomfortable and embarrassed that I was sorry for him. He had never read such a book in his life, and he had not supposed that he knew the kind of people who did. Yet here was a man he knew, whose father he knew, with whom he had done business just as if he was an ordinary person, and yet who read extraordinary books about queer and uncomfortable things; things he had long ago relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions; things he refused to think about.

That man ought to want to be a saint and ought to be trying to be a saint, and at the last analysis it is nothing but sheer ignorance that prevents him making the effort. There are, of course, many elements in his nature which would make the task difficult, for he is thoroughly worldly, loves pleasure and all forms of self-indulgence and luxury, he is a gambler, a constant seeker after excitement and distraction, and thoroughly selfish and self-centered. In other words, he is an ordinary, typical, average man. But in spite of all these handicaps, if he only *knew* the simple facts, he would still try to become a saint: he could not help it, for in spite of his faults, he is intelligent and quite capable of foregoing immediate satisfaction in order to attain a greater deferred satisfaction. That is all that is required of a disciple. He must forego the immediate realization of his small desires in order to gratify, eventually, a great desire. Every successful man does exactly the same thing, and exercises exactly the same kind of restraint. Even the things they refrain from are often the same. The football player or the prize-fighter has to be an ascetic during his periods of training, and the business man or diplomat will deny himself rich food and much drink, when he has to undertake some specially difficult piece of negotiation. The soldier's whole training is a foregoing of his usual mental, moral and physical habits in order to qualify for a new kind of life. Discipline is a name given to this kind of restraint. There is extraordinarily little difference between the discipline of a soldier and the discipline of a disciple, save that the latter is more thorough, and deals more with inner essentials and less with outer forms. The soldier's real training depends upon the reaction which the observance of a multitude of outer forms will have upon his character. The disciple is not permitted to neglect outer observances, but he directs his chief attention and effort directly to his character and deals with that as such. A soldier's training is better adapted to elementary human beings. The results sought after are practically the same in each case. This however is a digression.

The reason why my banker acquaintance, and perhaps the majority of men and women, do not wish to become saints, and would say so if asked, is because they are completely ignorant of what being a saint means, and because they imagine it to be the antithesis of pretty much everything they think they want. Please note that there are several qualifying phrases in that statement. It will not be easy to explain them all and to make clear just what I mean, but let me try.

Take an average good man, with an average education, and with average tastes. In the first place he has never taken any interest in religion. It bored him if, as may have happened, he was forced to go to church and Sunday school when a child. He stopped going as soon as he was old enough to have freedom. He may have kept on saying some perfunctory prayer when he was not too sleepy, in a mechanical kind of way, more or less because of habit, a little because of a very vague feeling that it might after all be the safe thing to do; but secretly

he would be rather ashamed of this as an evidence of weak-mindedness, and he would be careful not to let any one suppose that he did such a thing. I know of one man of middle age, who only knew three prayers but who was fairly faithful in reciting them for many years, until he learned really to pray. One was the Lord's Prayer, and the other two were taught him in early childhood.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon Thy little child.
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to Thee."

There is something touching and something pathetic in the thought of a grown man faithfully repeating such prayers, year after year, because he knew no others; of his holding on to these childish expressions of faith, through the years, because they were the only method he knew of expressing a true instinct, and of giving his poor, struggling and starved soul, a little nutriment. He got his chance for further knowledge and took it; but our average man would have long ago stopped praying at all, and would gradually have acquired the materialistic point of view—that there is no one to pray to, and that it is a silly superstition; that the desire to pray is a survival of a vague fear of the unknown which was characteristic of the childhood of the race, and that a modern educated man should be above such weak sentimentality. Indeed, those two last words sum up the average man's attitude towards saints—towards religion. He thinks he ought to think that the whole business is sentimental and weak, that it belongs to women, children and a few priests whom he thinks of as a sort of hybrid compound of woman, child and man. He is very much inclined to doubt the honesty and good faith of any educated man who professes faith in religion. There is a very general belief that such men are hypocrites, who pretend for the sake of an easy living. Saints, if he condescended at all to state what he thinks of them, would probably be described according to his own knowledge of modern psychology; as neuro-psychopathic hysteriacs; as suffering from hallucinations; or as harmless, but mildly insane individuals whose obsessions took the form of austerity and self-denial. He might grant that they had done some fine things under the influence of their fixed ideas, and would regret the waste of such good material. If our average man knew nothing of modern psychology, he would describe a saint as a plain damn fool who had wheels in his head which prevented his living and enjoying life in a rational way as God evidently

intended us to do, or he would not have given us the capacity to enjoy various pleasures with which we are endowed. He will tell you that the practices and habits and vows of the saints are contrary to nature, and he will point out finally, with an air of triumph, that if everyone turned saint there would soon no longer be any people left, and that he is quite sure God did not intend the human race to become extinct. If you point out mildly that there is only one saint to about every ten millions or so who are not, and that the propagation of the race can safely be left to the ten million, he will tell you that you are illogical, that what is right for one is right for all; which of course is not so.

The point is that both types of average man think of the saint as some kind of an abnormal and unhealthy excrescence upon the human family, who may show some interesting, and even extraordinary tendencies and capacities, but who, on the whole, is acting contrary to the orderly and normal life of humanity, and who, therefore, is objectionable. They are, of course, completely ignorant of what saints really are from the point of view of ordinary history as well as from the point of view of character, capacities and attainments. Indeed, and this is our immediate point, the average man of whatever type, is so completely and invincibly ignorant, that it is quite a hopeless task to change him and to hope that he ever can be persuaded to want to be a saint. Therefore we shall dismiss him and go back to our other category of those who do know something, and who, if asked, would feel it incumbent to say, "Of course I want to be a saint"; but who, if asked "why?" would be unable to give a satisfactory or convincing answer. What of these?

Their case is not hopeless for they have instincts to which you can appeal, and a will that makes it possible for them to understand. Let us see if we can describe their point of view. It must of necessity be very rough and very general, for it must include many degrees of knowledge and many shades of opinion. I am going to take it on what I would call a fairly high plane, and assume that our average individual of this category has read some lives of some of the famous saints, and that he has some general knowledge of the religious life, its ideal and its purposes.

He would say that a saint is a very extraordinary person who seemed to be without the common human appetites and desires, who was above temptation, who found a strange satisfaction in meditation and prayer and religious exercises which he was able to continue for hours and days and indeed a whole life-time; who in brief seemed to live on a plane, and in a state of consciousness, utterly different from that of every-day people, and which enabled him to thrive on a diet of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The saint, moreover, had generally removed himself from close contact with ordinary humanity and lived an isolated and useless life, at least from a practical and worldly standpoint. Indeed, a very common complaint about saints is that while they are wonderfully good and pious, they are not really as fine individuals as the man who works in the world and for the world in a productive and creative manner.

Many would unquestionably give Florence Nightingale a higher rank in the human hierarchy than St. Teresa of Avila. They would grade Father Damien higher than St. Bonaventura. Furthermore they would say very frankly that they considered the idea of their really trying to be a saint preposterous; or if they would not say so, they would secretly really think so. Away down in the bottom of their hearts they would have a feeling that saints are not really virile and strong. Many a man would say, "Really, I somehow do not feel that saints are manly in the best sense of that word. Of course some of them showed marvellous courage, and many of them had extraordinary endurance. If you actually select any adjective descriptive of an altogether admirable human quality, they usually had it to an unusual degree. And if you take any adjective descriptive of an objectionable quality, they were usually without it to an unusual degree; but in spite of this I somehow feel that there is something lacking. Perhaps it is fairer to say that in spite of their fine qualities and virtues, they have a streak of morbidness about them which undermines their virtues. Or perhaps a strain of weakness and sentimentality which,—Oh, well, I cannot describe what I mean. I only know that if I am perfectly honest I find that there is something absent, or something present, in my conception of a saint, which makes me not very keen to try to be one, in spite of my agreement in theory with the statement that everyone should want to be one."

Exactly. The real, and the only trouble with our typical friend is that down in the bottom of a large part of his heart, he does not want to be a saint; or, to be more specific, he does not want to do the things and to give up the things which he must do, and must give up, in order to become a saint; and his mind struggles valiantly to furnish him with excuses and reasons which even a little knowledge sweep away as fast as his brain manufactures them. So far as this method of approach is concerned we can dismiss it with the general statement that there are no fine and desirable qualities and powers and virtues which saints do not possess to a greater degree and in more abundant measure than ordinary people, and there are no objectionable qualities or vices or habits which they have to any extent worth mentioning. They are not perfect. They one and all lack some of the virtues, and they one and all had some faults, but there is no question whatever that they all possessed more of a greater number of virtues and less of a smaller number of faults than even the finest representatives of the human race who were not saints. This is so obvious that when I come to the part of this article which will attempt to define what a saint is, I shall probably offer as one definition,—A saint is a human being who has more fine qualities and fewer faults than the highest specimens of ordinary humanity. However, as a saint is more than this, we must wait until we come to that part of the article. Before we do there is one more phase of the subject I want to point out.

Human beings, as at present constituted, are complex organisms;

which sounds biological and learned, but by which I mean that a human being is not a single person; he—or she—is really two persons. There is the soul, the divine ray, with its roots in the central spiritual life, from which it is an off-shoot; and there is the personality, which that soul has built up in its effort to acquire self-consciousness. A saint, from this point of view, is a soul which has cleaned and trained and purified its personality, until there is very little of the personality left that cannot be permanently united to the soul and share in its immortality. An ordinary man, from this point of view, is a personality, who is a complicated mass of good and bad tendencies, which his soul is trying incessantly to clean and train and purify. And there you have in a nutshell, the fundamental difference between a saint and an ordinary, though perhaps a very good man. The saint is a soul with its personality in fairly good control; an ordinary man, no matter how good he may seem to be, is a personality whose soul is not yet in control. There are moments, sometimes hours, perhaps even days, when the soul is more or less in control, but the actual balance is still on the side of the personality. That person, from the standpoint of the spiritual world, is not yet "born," is not yet "whole." If he dies before this "second birth" takes place, he must be born again into physical birth, when the soul takes up the task again, about where it left off at the hour of death. That is, it will again have a personality, with the same virtues and vices, the same half-conquered faults, the same partially developed qualities and the same good and bad tendencies and inclinations. It must endow this new personality with consciousness, must wait until it goes through its infancy and childhood, and then must resume the great evolutionary duty of redeeming its creation, and so completing its own destiny. Sainthood is only a short stage on this age-long path.

Let us clear up one or two misconceptions. Does a saint have to be a monk or nun, and live in a convent, or at least be in religious orders? I suppose a good many people would say "No"; and yet even while saying "No" they actually do always associate saints with some formal and outward expression of the religious life. Of course I am using the word saint in its full technical sense and not as we use it when we hear of some good and noble person, and say, "She's a saint." We also might speak of such a person as an angel. We do not mean that they are dead and have wings, we mean merely that they are unusually good or unselfish, or self-sacrificing,—all of them saintly qualities, but their presence, even in abundant measure, not necessarily making a person a saint; nor do we mean that a saint is a person canonized by the church. The church has canonized many saints, but it has also canonized very many more who were not saints, and ignored or actually persecuted many who were.

Here is a more difficult query. "Is a saint always necessarily outwardly religious, even if not a priest or monk or nun? Could you be a saint and not follow any religious forms at all, even privately?" I think there have been saints who, for a time, lived anything but the kind

of life we associate with saintliness, but this was an unnatural and artificial condition. An expressive religion, in its real sense, is as natural and inevitable to a saint as flying to a bird. It simply goes with the saint's kind of consciousness. It is native to that kind of consciousness to adore, praise, love, and express itself in all the ways we associate with the word "religion." Nevertheless, that is only one way in which a saint's consciousness works, and we must not let our general conception of a saint be too much coloured by this phase. Now what I mean by all this is important, and needs to be made clear and simple, so let us get at it from another angle. The nearer we approach the Master, the more of the Master's nature, qualities, capacities and feeling, we express. A saint being nearer the Master than we are, expresses more of Him than we do. I say it with reverence although it may sound irreverent, but most people think of the Master solely in terms of piety. It almost shocks them if they think of Him as eating, or washing, or sleeping, or taking a walk, because He desires some fresh air, or loves flowers, or wants to look at the sunset, or to get away from the crowd for a while. And yet we have reason to believe He did and does all these entirely simple and human things. The Bible gives us warrant for saying so positively of most of them. But we can go even further. We are convinced that He loves beauty, and literature, and art, and is most keenly interested in them. Still further, we must believe that He is not only interested in religion, but also in all other human activities, in politics and statecraft, in the progress of science and manufacturing, in inventions and education, in economics and sociology. Can any one suggest anything He is not interested in? Can there be any part of our complex human life that does not vitally affect the well-being and future of His children, and can we think of His ignoring any of it? It may sound almost impious and irreverent to say that He is interested in industrial chemistry, but He is. I confess to the feeling that that is not likely to be a subject which moves Him deeply, but I am convinced that He knows all about it, admires the ingenuity and painstaking research which has been devoted to it, and deplores the time and attention which has been wasted on an activity which does not advance our real welfare, and which, for all I know, may actually retard it. But interested of course. So with war. We associate goodness and holiness with softness. Oh! yes, I know that in theory, we grant that that is not so, but in actual fact we all do, and we find it hard to associate goodness and holiness with war. But as a matter of fact, if it were not for goodness and holiness there would be no war, for it is just such qualities which have kept war alive and a fact in nature. If it were not for the perpetual and unceasing fight which goodness and holiness wage against evil, we poor weak humans would have been creatures of the devil long ago, and the world would have perished in complete and irreparable disaster. Therefore the Master is interested in war, and He must excel as a general as He excels in everything else.

Now the point of all this is to give us a rough and ready, but *rounded* view of the nature of the Master. We are too prone to think of Him as High Priest, and not enough as the perfect exponent of *all* that is good and beautiful and true. All the human qualities which we admire, or,—to allow for our own ignorance and limitations—let us say all the human qualities which we should admire, find in Him their apotheosis, their perfect flowering. This must be so, for we get everything that is good in us from Him, or it would not exist.

To go back now to our saint. He, the saint, expresses more of the Master than we do. See the point? A saint may express not merely the High Priest side of the Master, but he is equally a saint, if he expresses the necessary amount of any other part of the Master's nature. It would take all the saints that have ever lived or will ever live to express all of the Master's nature. Then indeed will He be fully incarnated.

However, we must not press our point to an illogical conclusion. And I must try to guard against one possible misunderstanding. A person cannot be a real saint unless he has to some minimum degree a rounded development. A saint can, and usually does express some one quality of the Master to a dominant degree, but he could not do so unless he also expressed some measure of the other essential qualifications of saintliness. You cannot be very unselfish unless you are also loving, patient and gentle. You cannot express to a special degree the saintly quality of obedience without being also the other things a saint must be. Therefore, I must not be understood to mean that a wonderful industrial chemist is a saint. He might be, though that is unlikely. And if he were, it would not be because he was a wonderful chemist, but in spite of it. My point is that a real saint is often a very versatile person indeed, with all sorts of interests, capacities and endowments, which we do not ordinarily associate with the word at all, but he must also possess the essential elements of saintliness. He may be a general, or an author, or a business man. He may follow almost any profession or occupation, or have none at all, and he does not by any means have to be a monk or a priest or to follow the outer observances of any religion whatever. He may be famous, but is more likely to be obscure. He may even be rich, though more likely to be poor. He positively does not have to sing hymns and to read the Bible, unless he wants to, which he probably does, when his duties permit, which may be seldom, for he is sure to be a very busy person. He may never go to church as a matter of preference, or he may pass his life in religious observances. Being a saint is a question of fact and not a matter of any outer circumstances or conditions whatsoever. You can be a saint in any environment, though obviously it is easier in some than in others.

We have endeavored to describe what a saint is, or might be, and our picture would be incomplete if we stopped there. We must also try to imagine how a saint feels, for we would not want to be a saint

unless being one felt good. Now how does a saint feel? First let us take up the question of prayers and religious exercises. We all feel that the average saint does a great deal more of this than we should like to do, and we do not see how we could ever really want to be a saint if being one meant that we should have to spend a large part of our time in religious observances. The answer is two-fold. First, the saint does not spend a lot of time praying because he ought to, but because he wants to. Second, religious exercises are like practising scales on the piano. We have to go through the tedium of doing it for hours every day, for years, if we want to become a first rate musician, but once we have become a musician we need play scales only enough to keep in practice. We have reached our goal; we have the reward of our efforts, of our sacrifice, we have the ability to play. I have never heard of a real musician who begrudged the effort and sacrifice which were expended in his education. Prayer, and other religious exercises, are a means to an end, unless and until they become the spontaneous and natural and entirely voluntary method of expressing one's self and one's feelings. In other words there is a general law of life. Anything worth having costs real effort and sacrifice. Saintliness is no exception. The reward of the faithful doing of a disagreeable task is that it ceases to be disagreeable. Of course that is not all, for it would be a soggy inducement to effort to be told that if you persisted faithfully in doing something you did not want to do you would learn not to mind it.

The reward of practising scales is not that in the progress of time we cease to mind practising scales; that would be most unalluring. The reward is that we learn how to play music; we acquire a new talent which gives us and others joy. All good talents, by the way, do always give others, as well as the possessor, joy. It is a test by which we can gauge them.

Therefore when imagining how a saint feels, we must not think of him as merely ourselves in other conditions; as some one who bravely endures the tedium of endless religious observances because of his superior virtue. The saint has acquired a new talent, one we have not got, which is a joy to him—and to others—and which is the reward of his faithful performance. Not being a saint, I cannot tell you much about this new talent or faculty, but I know from much reading, that it really does give great and exceeding and ever increasing joy to its possessors. One and all of them describe their happiness in terms of exuberant enthusiasm. Indeed, in this rather bored and satiated world, the only really consistent and extravagant claims to happiness are made by the saints. Did anyone ever hear of an unhappy saint? I have heard of saints who had heavy burdens and many troubles, who had patiently to endure hardships and crosses, for we must remember that the Master also has heavy burdens, suffers bitter disappointments, must wait patiently the slow fruition of long maturing plans; and the saints express and embody His efforts and His feelings, as well as His powers and

capacities and other qualities. But in spite of this we have His own testimony that the spiritual life contains within itself the very essence of perpetual joy. A saint enjoys bliss—in so far as he is a saint—as men breathe air. Neither can help it because it is the inevitable condition of the life each lives.

Therefore, in imagining how a saint feels, we can postulate, on their own testimony, that they tap a well of happiness which is beyond our reach; an inexhaustible reservoir of satisfaction which is not subject to the law of satiety, that, sooner or later, poisons all material joys. But that is not all. I think in many ways the saint's greatest possession is an increase of power; not merely the power of enjoyment, which becomes much finer and keener, but other powers, like the power to move and influence men, whether by tongue or pen or whatsoever medium; or the power of intellectual achievement; or the long list of simpler powers which we all use every day in our daily tasks, and upon which their perfect doing so much depends. The saint has more of all these, than common men. He has more patience, more tact, more endurance, more perseverance, more thoroughness, more sympathy, more understanding of others. Indeed, this last phase opens up a whole wide reach of endowments which the saint possesses, and which may be summed up in the words,—he understands human nature better than other men. In the last analysis there are few more valuable gifts, and it is the possession of this faculty which explains so much of the mysterious wisdom and astonishing influence of the saints. Why did the illiterate and youthful daughter of a humble craftsman sway popes and move kings and rulers to her will, as did St. Catherine of Siena? And why could she, with equal success, persuade a sinner to repentence, or console a dying man? Humble, obscure, uneducated, inexperienced—why was she adequate to every one of the very varied demands made upon her during her short but crowded life? I think the answer is quite simple. Because of her saintliness she understood human nature. This does not enable one to accomplish the impossible, but it does enable one often to accomplish the seemingly impossible. She did, and so did very many of the other saints, in much the same way.

The saints can do things better than other men. It does not seem to matter very much what they are called upon to do, or whether they have had any previous experience with it or not. What previous experience could a peasant girl of eighteen have had of the handling of artillery, of the fighting of battles, of the besieging of cities? Brother Lawrence was not trained to be a cook, or St. Catherine of Siena a diplomat, or St. Catherine of Genoa a sick nurse, nor St. Vincent de Paul a founder and organizer of hospitals and other institutions, nor did the great teachers and preachers and farmers among the saints follow a vocation for which they were trained. They did these things superlatively well, in spite of their obvious limitations, because they understood human nature—includ-

ing their own; because they possessed in abundant measure those qualities of character which are required by saint or layman in order to do anything well; because, through their closeness to the Master, they tapped an infinite reservoir of knowledge and power.

I have tried to show some of the reasons why we should want to be saints, but it has been done by inference rather than by direct statement. Before closing I think we should try to sum up the results of our investigation. We should try to be saints because, first, it is our inevitable destiny. Sooner or later, we must, and the sooner we do it the easier it will be. Second, it is the surest and quickest way to happiness. Third, we shall never cease, save for occasional moments, to be wretched, unhappy, unquiet, ill-at-ease, until we do. We shall be subject to all the vicissitudes of life with their frequent corollaries of pain and disappointment, at the best; and at the worst, we actually risk our eternal salvation, for salvation is not inevitable for any given individual. It is for the race, as that is the end towards which evolution tends, but individuals can and do separate themselves from the stream, and perish miserably. Therefore we should try to be saints so as to be happy and to be saved; though I confess that these motives will soon be replaced with others which are not quite so obviously for self.

C. A. G.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE following translation from the letter of a French sergeant, published in *L'Ame Française et L'Ame Allemande,* provides the best possible introduction to a consideration of the recent armistice.

"We arrived at the station.

"The Captain showed me a group of a dozen German prisoners who were guarded by Military Police and Transport drivers.

" 'Here,' he said, 'are those whom you are to conduct to P——. The big fellow standing over there in the corner alone, is a Prussian Lieutenant; you should look after him with particular care as his case is not clear; he is accused of having fired on some of our wounded officers. Is it true? The court martial will decide that, as soon as all the facts have been ascertained. In any case, the prisoner knows of what he is accused, and you may be sure that, guilty or innocent, he will do his utmost to escape. He has already tried to do so. For greater security, you will remain with him continually, in the compartment in which he will be placed. Two of our men will remain at each door, and you must sit facing him. As to the other prisoners, you will leave them in the wagon under the guard of the rest of your escort. Once more, keep a sharp lookout.'

"The Captain left, and I proceeded to look the prisoners over. Nearly all of them were big and solid yokels, well put together, of the expected square-headed type. On the other hand, several of them, who were regular degenerates, would certainly have been rejected by our own examining boards. It was not the first time, however, that I had seen among German prisoners those who would have provided first class illustrations for a pamphlet on prohibition. It looks as if the 'inexhaustible reserve' of men of the German Empire is beginning to be used up.

"The Prussian Lieutenant continued to hold himself erect and apart from the others. I approached him.

" 'Do you speak French?'

"A glance to one side, a contemptuous grimace: this was the only response that he made to my question.

" 'Does he speak French?' a Military Policeman said to me, 'I should say he does. But you wont get a word out of him. He affects to look down upon us from the heights of his grandeur, as if he could not despise us enough. We are too polite, too good to these prisoners, and they abuse our generosity.'

"A group of our officers approached. The Military Police and the Transport drivers were ordered to clear the place of spectators. The officers were going to question the Prussian Lieutenant.

"'Your name?'

"This question, uttered in French and then in German, might have been addressed to a deaf mute.

"'You don't wish to answer?' continued the Commandant who had first spoken. 'You know of what you are accused and what the consequences may be for you.'

"'I have only one thing to say,' the prisoner then declared, 'this: I am being allowed to die of hunger.'

"'Excuse me,' retorted the Commandant, 'you have been offered a loaf of bread and a tin of meat.'

"'As if that were food fit for a German officer!'

"I looked at the Commandant; his eyes had begun to blaze and his cheeks had turned slightly paler. . . . I noticed with satisfaction that he might explode at any moment.

"'I demand,' continued the prisoner, 'to be taken to the restaurant in the station, and to be served with an ample breakfast and with some old Bordeaux, because I have had nothing to eat since yesterday, and I must renew my strength. I demand, also, that tobacco be obtained for my pipe, but not the tobacco of the rank and file. I must have the finer kind. . . . If you do not accede to these demands, it may be made hot for you before long. . . .'

"'Swine!'

"It was the first word that succeeded in escaping from the lips of the Commandant, who was choking with wrath. The rest of us breathed a sigh of relief. It had really become necessary to say something in order to calm our fury!

"'A good meal, old Bordeaux, fine tobacco!' continued the Commandant. 'For you who finish off the wounded! For you who burn down houses with their occupants! For you who compel prisoners to dig your trenches and to protect you with their bodies when you advance! Ah! It may be made hot for me! I don't know what it is that keeps me from having you shot on the spot for your threat!'

"It was now the turn of the Prussian Lieutenant to turn pale. His tall figure crumbled; a gleam of terror came into his eyes.

"'Commandant,' . . . he stammered.

"But the Commandant stopped the excuses of the prisoner with a swift gesture. He stared at him for a few moments without saying a word, then, turning toward us he said:

"'Just look (*Regardez moi*) at his pitiable, humiliating, servile attitude. There you have what they all are: arrogant, vain braggarts, so long as they feel themselves safe. But as soon as they feel themselves in the presence of their master, they cringe and become that which all of them are at bottom—lackeys!'

"Under this cutting insult, the prisoner remained unaffected. He continued to stand with his body bowed, his head inclined, his expression flattened out like a school boy who is being reprimanded.

"The Commandant shrugged his shoulders with disgust and turned and marched off. The Prussian Lieutenant instantly drew himself up, saluted and maintained the attitude of a soldier until the Commandant was a good twenty paces off. He continued to salute as the other officers withdrew."

. . . . . .

In the last "Screen of Time," published before the signing of the armistice, it was stated that "when a bully cannot get his own way by force, he always weeps, first tears of rage, and then tears of self-pity. He expects the very people he has outraged to weep in pity for him. If they do not, he cries aloud to Heaven against their heartlessness." It was foretold that Germany would weep, and would weep "copiously, loudly, appealingly." Since then, Germany has deluged the world with tears—with tears of rage and with tears of self-pity, but also with crocodile tears, meant for the deception of fools.

Germany is not merely trying to escape the consequences of her sins. She is trying to obtain by fraud that which she failed to obtain by force. She is trying also to conserve her strength for another spring at the throat of France. And Germany may succeed. When the blind undertake to lead the blind, it is not difficult to beguile them into a ditch. When those who kept America in a state of neutrality, still lead, it is scarcely to be expected that the outcome can be satisfactory. A leopard cannot change his spots, or, as was said by another Wise Man, ages ago:

"A dog washed in the seven seas
Is still a pasture-ground for fleas."

From all of which it may have been inferred already that the signing of the armistice with Germany did not cause rejoicing among the contributors to the "Screen." We never believed in conversations with the devil, or in exchanging notes, directly or indirectly, with any of the devil's brood. We do not believe in making terms, any terms, with devils. Unconditional surrender is and forever will be the demand of the White Lodge and of its followers. The least concession is equivalent to defeat.

The spokesmen of the German people are telling them that their army has not been defeated (*New York Times,* December 12th). German troops returning to Berlin are received "like conquerors." "Berlin was once more a military town, full of enthusiasm for the soldiers and their deeds." Premier Ebert makes a speech and assures the soldiers: "Your deeds and sacrifices are unexampled. No enemy overcame you. . . . You protected the homeland from invasion. . . . With deepest emotion the homeland thanks you. You can return with heads erect" (*New York Times,* December 13th).

German vanity and arrogance provide ready ears for the claim that "Thus far and no farther" gives the substance of the terms of armistice. There is barely a step from that to the claim that the Allies were ex-

hausted and were compelled to accept such terms as Germany was willing to concede.

That she is the injured party, horribly ill-treated, but dignified in her suffering and brave in the face of injustice, is the way that Germany talks; and although this in most cases is a pose, her self-hypnotism leads her at times to believe she is telling the truth. "Now who has been cheated right and left but Germany?" asks Dr. Suedekum, the new Prussian Minister of Finance, with every appearance of virtuous indignation (*New York Times,* December 4th).

Not one word or sign of repentance has come out of the entire nation. As a people, they remain shameless. Without honor and without humanity, all they regret is that some of their loot may have to be disgorged. They will hide what they can of that. They are unconvinced and unconverted. They are as cruel as they were, as unscrupulous as they were, as treacherous, as morally corrupt, as obscene. They are the spawn of hell—and we have signed an armistice with them.

Prisoners turned loose to shift for themselves, without food or clothing, dying from exhaustion as they stagger toward freedom—prisoners who have been starved and beaten, persecuted and tortured, their manhood outraged and their bodies wrecked. Not a word of regret; not the first glimmer of consciousness that there is any need for regret. "Fire at men in life-boats?" said some U-boat commander when surrendering. "Why of course; they might have lived to fight us!"

Ebert, Scheidemann, Erzberger, Solf and the rest, are just as responsible for Germany's crimes as the Kaiser. There is only one more infamy which it is left to them to perpetrate, and that is to surrender him, the leader of the gang, in the hope that the Allies will accept him as a scapegoat. And this they will probably do.

Americans on the spot are already beginning to realize that something is wrong. A correspondent of the Associated Press with the American army of occupation, in a despatch from Coblenz (*New York Times,* December 14th), speaks of "an unmistakable air of independence on the part of the people, reflecting their conviction that the Americans are going to deal with them much more delicately than have the French or British with the people north and south of the city. . . . The population adopted an attitude to-day that found expression in *jostling American soldiers on the streets and in sneers and laughs,* which were only vaguely concealed."

And the "something wrong" is the armistice itself—the misbegotten offspring of the conversations which preceded it.

This will not be a popular view. But the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY never aspired to be popular. It could not do that and still retain as its motto, "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Furthermore, we quite sincerely prefer truth to popularity.

The German plea for an armistice ought to have been rejected instantly. Germany should have been informed that the Allied and American armies were going to occupy the entire country, or as much of it as might be desired, and that this would be done either in spite of German resistance, in which case towns might suffer, or with German consent, in which case, as evidence of good faith, the German armies would have to lay down all arms and every unit of the German fleet surrender.

As soon as Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Hamburg, Leipzig, had been occupied, compensation in kind should have been exacted for all damage done to France and Belgium, including machinery, works of art, raw materials, books and manuscripts. For instance, the contents of all the art galleries and museums in Berlin should have been transferred to Rheims as partial compensation for the destruction of her cathedral. (There is enough religious atmosphere in Rheims to neutralize, in time, the poisonous aura which even the Virgin and Child of Luini, or the Virgin of Fra Lippi, must have collected in Berlin). Thereafter, at Germany's expense, the Allies and the United States between them should have controlled every department of German industry and commerce, both domestic and foreign, for the sole purpose of extracting payment in full for the damage Germany has done. This might have taken ten years, or twenty, because the total would amount to many billions of dollars. But, toward the end of the period, the German people would have begun to regret, and to regret sincerely, that they had treated Belgium and France, and ships at sea, as they did.

The truth about the war was blurred by people who do not know what truth means and whose thinking is all done in terms of political expediency instead of on a basis of principle. France and England were both beginning to understand that there was only one real issue—namely: Were the forces of evil to dominate the world, or the forces of righteousness?—when, in the opinion of official Washington, it became expedient to say a great deal about "democracy." Now "democracy" too often means government by the worst instead of by the best. But apart from that, it would at any time have been absurd to suppose that the German people were fighting against "democracy." They were fighting for loot. If France had been an Empire, they would have attacked her just as readily, unless she had been stronger, which alone would have made them pause.

It would have required unusual insight and courage for either England or France, who were hard pressed and knew it, to have repudiated the pronunciamentos which Washington poured forth, when, to have done so, might have kept America permanently out of the war. Furthermore, neither England nor France had any statesman whose understanding was sufficiently religious, and whose grasp of principle was sufficiently clear, to make such protests possible. Clemenceau is heroic, but he has only common-sense and indomitable courage to guide him; and common-sense,

unless illumined "from above" by prayer—in which case it may approximate the wisdom of God (Theosophy)—cannot possibly be equal to the demands of a great world-crisis. Lacking faith in divine intervention, Clemenceau put his trust in princes—and that the prince, in this case, happened to be the United States of America, is merely incidental. In private, when first hearing of the famous "fourteen points," Clemenceau's comment is reported to have been: *"Quatorze points! Mais cela c'est un peu fort—le bon Dieu n'en avait que dix."* But in public, he did his best to meet the situation half way.

The result was that America, having been kicked so hard and so often by Germany that "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" had become unpopular, at long last and with many apologies (for her decision and not for her delay), made up her mind officially that after all she was not "too proud to fight," and that the time had arrived "to make the world safe for democracy."

Throughout this period, and because of what was being said and left undone by their official representatives, many Americans were suffering, literally, the tortures of the damned. They still are. That is what we are talking about!

When French soldiers were asked what they were fighting for, they answered—To defend France, to kill devils, and to save our homes.

When British soldiers were asked what they were fighting for, they answered—To defend England and to put Germany in her place.

The French soldiers had the clearer understanding. But the politicians of both France and England—who, if left alone, would in time have been educated by their soldiers—when called upon to answer the same question used phrases and tried to persuade themselves that American definitions were "near enough." Anxious to play fair with America, they adopted shibboleths in which they only half believed. They compromised with themselves. They permitted themselves to be actuated by a sense of expediency.

The result was that when Germany not only asked for peace but wailed for it, her pleas were considered in the light of expediency and not on a basis of principle. "Unconditional surrender" ought to have been the only answer. Instead of that, it was deemed expedient to make hay while the sun was shining. That the harvest was not ripe; that Germany's wail for peace was simply the reverberation, in another key, of Germany's yells for war; that the heart of Germany was still as full of iniquity as it was in 1914—these were facts which the "democratization" of Germany threw completely into the shade. And an armistice did promise enormous gains. Germany did offer a stupendous bribe.

A bribe, none the less, is a bribe. To accept any kind of a bribe, for the sake of peace, is to compromise with evil. The Allies have compromised with evil. And America, in our opinion, is very largely to blame.

We do not believe that any one who was neutral prior to April, 1917, when America entered the war, can have sound views today unless he has seen and confessed how wrong he was then: and the only man in public life who has done this to our knowledge is the Vice-President, whom we honor for that reason. Such men as the present Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who was author of the bill to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition to the Allies, still boast that they stood for "a strict, peaceful and impartial neutrality," and that they would have opposed American participation to the end, if Germany had not begun "a systematic attack on our commerce."

How can such people be expected to understand anything? The professional Pacifists and Internationalists and Socialists, in too many cases do understand, and are playing deliberately into the hands of Germany, for no other reason than their common kinship with the devil. The black forces everywhere are united, for all alike work for the breaking down of decency and order, though some persuade themselves that the sharing in common of wives and kitchens, with the obliteration of homes and nations, would make the world a happier place to live in.

No real student of Theosophy can have been neutral at any time, or can now be caught in the snares of Internationalism. Further, no real student of Theosophy can fail to realize that, in addition to the claims of Justice, which must be vindicated, the salvation of Germany herself depends upon the severity with which she is punished and the ability of the rest of the world to hold and to treat her as the criminal she is.

Students of Theosophy believe that the universe, in every department, being a manifestation of the one divine life, is governed by laws inherent in the universe itself. They believe this, chiefly because their own experience proves it true. They have found, for instance, that whatsoever a man sows, he reaps, and that whatever he reaps, he has at some time sown. Their study of world religions has taught them that this doctrine is older than history and has been verified by all mankind. In India it was called by some the Law of Karma, a Sanscrit word meaning action, with the connotation that action and reaction are equal and opposite. So they have come to use that term as being briefly expressive of their concept, which includes the idea of good or bad "fruits of action" from the past. Both Buddhists and Roman Catholics use the word "merit" as a student of Theosophy would use the term "good Karma," though the Roman Catholic would give a much narrower range to his word.

Applying, then, our understanding of Karma to the offences of Germany, we find that, as against their hideous total, there is only one "fruit of action," which might be described as good, accruing to her. This is a benefit she unwittingly conferred on other nations—the benefit to them of being made to see evil for what it is. The French officer's statement

to Kipling, more than once quoted in the "Screen," to the effect that we had forgotten what evil is until Germany had forced us once more to believe in it and to hate it, was a clear recognition of a debt. Germany's unspeakable crimes aroused in France and then in England and finally in America, a deep and even passionate hatred of such wickedness, with a corresponding love of the virtues—honor and truth and self-effacement—which are the opposites of what Germany revealed.

To what extent does this debt to Germany off-set her "bad Karma," consisting of the moral, mental and physical injuries which she has inflicted on others? That she conferred the benefit unintentionally and in a certain sense against her own will, naturally leaves little to her credit. Something, none the less, is left, and this something can be used by the divine powers on her behalf, just to the extent that the rest of the world continues to react from her evil, meeting her people and her products, when that is unavoidable, with the contempt and loathing they deserve, and insisting that she shall be punished unremittingly and implacably until profound repentance shall have purged her sin away. To adopt any other attitude is to nullify the only "merit" she possesses and to deprive her of her one means of salvation—the only leverage the divine powers can use to raise her from the depths to which she has sunk. Were any one to treat Germany or her people as if they were civilized and clean, when they are neither, he would dishonor himself, his God and his nation, and would also be guilty of the most "unbrotherly" act which the perverseness of man could devise.

Failure to act on principle, necessarily brings trouble in its train. Every imaginable effort is being made to disrupt the ranks of the Allies. Anti-British propaganda is being conducted openly in America. New York and other newspapers are full of accusations that England (and France is not excepted) is trying to grab this or that advantage from Germany's defeat. All the people who used to be aggressively neutral are now darkly suspicious, having discovered that at present that attitude is safe, though, prior to the armistice, it was known to be disloyal. At no stage of the war has the Black Lodge been more active or, in some respects, more successful. The so-called freedom of the seas and the much-heralded League of Nations are used as ferments to raise trouble. No one knows what they mean, and not many people care; but fancy, in all these psychic commotions, has far more influence than fact. Students of Theosophy have an immense responsibility, because they have studied psychism, and have it in their power, by clear thinking and honest, direct speech, to dissipate much of the bewilderment which otherwise might lead this country into unconscious and unintentional betrayal.

To see existing things, not as they are, but as our fancy makes them, is psychic; to see them, not as they are, but as they would have to be to fit our theories, is psychic. To see a League of Nations, under federated control, as an ideal, and then to jump to the conclusion that the world is

ripe for it, when it cannot be ripe for it until Adepts are recognized as Kings and an Avatar as world-ruler, is psychic to the point of danger.

There is nothing more divine in life than a fact. No one can see a fact who sees his own ego first and his environment through that lens. To pretend that some one is good when he is bad, or wise when he is silly, is an insult to Truth, and therefore an insult to God.

> "Two men looked out through their prison bars;
> The one saw mud, and the other stars."

Both were wrong. A wise man would have looked up and down and also straight ahead into the windows opposite. The man who sees only stars is falsely called an idealist. The man who sees only mud is rightly called a pessimist and a bore. Most men look up or down as the state of their livers directs. The egotist is psychic because he is an egotist. He indulges his egotism, in ways bad or merely foolish, and thus makes himself incapable of seeing a fact, while his particular distortion of it is as changing as the centre of his own self-reference.

There is this comfort, however, not for the psychic's friends, if he have any, but for those who watch his flights with trepidation, and who perhaps care deeply for some cause he seems to jeopardize:—as his one sincere conviction is that he himself is wise; as he is tenacious only at that point, he is likely to drift in time to where public applause will greet him, hailing himself with beatific self-complacency as the creator of conscience, or of insight, in whatever environment he may function. Just as the Kaiser reflected the will of his people and did not lead them, so other psychics, of lesser degree, rarely do worse, or make more havoc, than the conscience of those who look on permits.

None of which may seem at first sight to have much to do with the armistice, or with the situation we now confront. But it has everything to do with them, and with the future too. T.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

Resolutions

IT is futile to discover the truth about ourselves through self-examination unless we do something about it, and that brings us to the subject of Resolutions.

The spiritual books tell us that every self-examination should be followed by a resolution; indeed, they go further and say every meditation or prayer, or spiritual exercise of any kind should be followed by a resolution, or, otherwise, the effort we make will have no result. It is as if we raised a bucket of water from the well of truth and then allowed it to fall back instead of using it to refresh the garden of our natures. It is as if we prepared some nourishing food, and then went our way without eating it.

Etymologically the word *resolution* is derived from the same root as *resolute,* which means bold, determined, firm and constant of purpose. The meanings given the word by current usage are thus closely akin to its etymology. In religion, however, it has a somewhat more extended connotation. A resolution in the religious sense, implicates the soul, the moral nature. We can make a decision, and change it at will without moral delinquency, for a decision is merely mental; but if we make a resolution, we cannot break it without shame, without stigma or reproach, none the less real because often known only to ourselves. A resolution, in other words, involves not only a movement of the mind and will, like a decision, but also involves the moral nature, the soul.

We may decide to take a walk, and, because it comes on to rain, we may change our minds and stay at home. It was probably a sensible thing to do and it would never occur to any one to blame us for not carrying out our original intention. But if, for some reason or other, we make a resolution to take a walk, it would mean that some duty, some moral obligation, is involved, and in that event, rain or shine, we should take the walk. It is a pledge we make, to ourselves it is true, but none the less a pledge for that reason; and to break a pledge is shameful.

It is a commonplace that everything that pertains to the inner life may be looked at from two points of view; we may look at it from the standpoint of the ordinary human consciousness, in which case we talk about the Soul as if it were outside of and apart from ourselves; or, we may look at it from the standpoint of the Soul, in which case, the ordinary

human consciousness is only one, though an important, manifestation of the Soul's activity; a manifestation which is often unsatisfactory and incomplete, if not actually rebellious and perverted.

A decision is a matter that originates in the lower self. Of course, it concerns the Soul, for every activity of any part of the nature concerns the Soul, but the Soul is not directly implicated. A resolution, on the other hand, originates in the Soul, even though it is the mind which formulates it into terms of ordinary consciousness. Put in other terms, we might say that a resolution is a conclusion reached by the Soul, while a decision is a conclusion reached by the mind.

If we meditate or pray for help and guidance, we get it; of that there is no doubt whatever. But we often get it in a manner that requires translation from what we may call Soul consciousness, into terms of ordinary mind consciousness. The best possible method to translate this help from the Soul plane, where it is given us, onto the mental plane where we can understand it and use it, is to make a resolution while under the influence of the meditation or prayer. At that moment, the mind is more or less under the control of the Soul and is, therefore, likely to come to a wise decision, a decision that is a resolution because it owes its life and origin to the Soul. As we do this more and more often, and as we carry out faithfully the resolutions so made, we learn gradually to translate the activities of the Soul more and more accurately and completely into terms of ordinary consciousness; which is merely another way of saying that our ordinary consciousness gets to be more and more like our Soul's consciousness, until finally, the two become one—actually and literally one. At first this oneness is only reached in occasional moments when in deep meditation, but the frequency and duration of such times increase with practice, until, as was said, the two consciousnesses become one; and as the consciousness of our Soul is already at one with the consciousness of our Master, the completion of the process really means at-one-ment with the Master—Union, the supreme goal of the disciple.

Naturally, this is a long way off. At first all we can hope to do is to make a reasonably accurate translation of the wishes and desires of our Soul into terms of our ordinary understanding. Our every-day consciousness is so hide-bound, so "cribbed, cabined and confined," by prejudice and preconception, by heredity, by blindness and impairment caused by sin, that it is a marvel that it ever succeeds in getting any of the Soul's ideas right. In fact, at first, it rarely does; it only gets them part right. We are almost certain to decorate the Soul's original and simple wish with all sorts of theories and ideas of the mind. Some of these do not matter very much, but some are foolish and harmful, while others are poisonous and deadly. We must remember that there are many forces in the lower nature which do not wish the Soul to enter in and take charge. These forces will deliberately try to pervert the understanding, or to break the resolution. All our appetites and desires, our love of comfort, all our self-will, our pride, our vanity, our so-called independence, will struggle

to the end against a vital resolution; for it is a death struggle in the last analysis. The Soul and the contents of the ordinary lower-self cannot live in union; one must dominate and expel the other. Most people have expelled their Souls, and, by reason thereof, are exiles from Eternity. But these are only exiles. Like the Prodigal Son they can be forgiven and return to their true home. Indeed, they must, sooner or later, unless they wish to perish altogether. This, of course, is written from the standpoint of the lower consciousness, which, after all, is where we live and function most of the time. But it is not our true consciousness, and we all have repeated experiences of that true consciousness during our "higher moments," during times of aspiration and repentance, when we feel and know the Soul within us; when we recognize our real home. The two worlds are not so far apart as we are sometimes prone to imagine. But let us return to the subject of resolutions, and see how it works out in practice, and in the light of what we have said above.

Roughly speaking, people are divided into two classes: those who find it difficult to make resolutions, but keep them when made, and those who make resolutions easily, but find it difficult to keep them. It would seem as if the first class had to overcome a very strong self-will, but once the mind is made up, as the expression has it, they are pretty faithful performers. The second class seem to have less self-will to overcome, for they make resolutions easily, but they lack the perseverance, the determination needed to carry the resolution into effect. The first class are full of evil. The second class are weak. We all have both these faults, but one or the other usually predominates.

Sometimes I have thought that knowledge was a factor in the situation. Those who realize how difficult it is to keep a resolution are reluctant to make one, while the ignorant and inexperienced unhesitatingly announce their intention to do impossible things. There must be a happy mean between the person who makes too few resolutions to get anywhere along the path of self-improvement, and one who makes a great many but fails to keep them. We certainly should not stop making resolutions for fear that we may not keep them. On the other hand it is weakening to one's will to be continually making resolutions which we do not keep. We must not let our pride prevent our making efforts for fear we may fail, nor must we allow our available stock of will to be frittered away over a multiplicity of resolutions we do not keep.

The happy mean would appear to be something like this. Make a resolution you know to be possible and concentrate your effort on that. When, through continued performance, it has become easy, make another. If the two together are more than you can accomplish, after conscientious effort, drop the second and return to the perfect performance of the first until it has become a part of yourself—a habit; then try the second again. When successful in carrying both easily, try a third. Do not be discouraged by failures. Almost every one fails when he first undertakes any new practice. There must be repeated failure and repeated beginning

over again in most categories of resolutions. It is a very rare soul that succeeds from the very outset.

As a race, we are not careful enough about our pledges, our resolutions. We make them too lightly, and break them far too often; and we suffer the consequence which is a weakening of the will. The only way I know to strengthen the will, is to keep our resolutions, regardless of the cost—the cost to ourselves be it noted, not regardless of the cost to others. And that leads naturally to the consideration of when we are justified in breaking a resolution. It is simple enough in theory, but not always easy in practice, for various forms of self-will and casuistical reasoning enter into the problem and are apt to lead us astray. In theory we must not sacrifice the comfort, happiness, peace, feelings or convenience of others in order to follow our own designs. When you make a resolution you make a bargain with yourself; no one else is involved. If, through chance and circumstance, some one else becomes involved, the bargain lapses, for it was made in ignorance of the facts. I may make a perfectly proper resolution to go for a walk; but if a member of my family becomes ill, there is no shame in staying at home to tend the ill one, although in so doing I break my resolution. As a matter of fact, I did not break the resolution; Providence did it, and thereby absolved me from moral delinquency. I cannot think readily of any positive resolution that cannot properly be broken in certain circumstances. I mean by this a resolution to do something. We also make resolutions not to do things. In this latter case, Providence does not intervene and make them right. For instance, if we resolve to stop some kind of sin, no easily conceivable circumstances can arise to justify our again sinning.

The point is that while we must keep our resolutions, so long as they concern ourselves only, keep them if necessary, though we die for them, we must not make a fetish of them, and must be quite willing to change, if our duty to others becomes involved. There is the usual mean between two extremes, here, as elsewhere in discipleship. It is a hair line, often, verily.

Resolutions may be general or specific. All the religious books warn us against making our resolutions too general. We may have a very genuine and sincere desire to be good, but it is of little use to resolve merely to be good. We must determine to be good in some definite and specific way. The trouble is that the impulse to be good is usually a vague and general feeling. We pray, or repent, or are inspired by a sermon, or an example, and there is engendered in us a desire to be good. Perhaps it is the urge of our own souls; or perhaps it is a manifestation of the Master's grace. Be the cause what it may, the result is nearly always a feeling. an impulse, a desire to be better. If we stop there, we let the water spill back into the well without using it. The feeling soon evaporates, and nothing has been accomplished, no forward step taken. But if, on the contrary, we harness the motive power in our desire to some definite resolution, we make it work. And when the power dies down,

as it will in time, we can replenish it at will, and we should replenish it by deliberately subjecting ourselves to the influences which, we know from experience, will set it going again. If it is prayer, then we must pray. If it is inspiring example, then we must seek the comradeship that is inspiring. If it is devotional reading, then we must faithfully and devoutly read our books. If it is grace, then we must see to it that we keep in the state of purity, that makes us fit channels for the Master's force.

Resolutions are of different planes. They may be about physical things, like eating or getting up early and regularly, or about our attitudes and postures and tricks of manner. Or, they may belong to the moral plane. We can make resolutions about being patient, or sympathetic, or about not being irritable, or curious, or jealous, or bearing resentment, or being cross. Or, they may be mental things, and have to do with our reading or studying, or our speech, or our thoughts, or our imagination and the use or misuse we make of it. Or, finally, our resolutions may relate to the inner life and have to do with our prayers, our meditations, our religious exercises, or, less tangible, our will, our desires, our affections.

Any one of these categories is a perfectly legitimate field for our resolutions, but we must beware of trying too many things at once. A resolution of each kind there should always be, for we must always be making an effort on each plane, or we run the risk of a lop-sided development. Fortunately we are so constituted that we can carry on successfully several simultaneous efforts if they are on different planes, when we might not have the determination and the will necessary to carry out two efforts on the same plane.

The time element must not be forgotten. In some cases it is easier to keep a resolution if it is made for a definite time, and not forever. In other cases, it should be made forever, or the chances are you will not keep it at all. To take a crude illustration: if you have a drug habit and decide to stop it, you should resolve to stop forever. Indeed, whenever you give up a bad habit, safety and success lie in making the resolution finally and forever. But if you decide on a practice for the sake of discipline, which is neither good nor bad in itself, you will be more likely to carry through your resolve if you set a definite time during which you will do the thing. It is easy to give up candy during Lent, but very, very few would keep a resolution to eschew it forever. C. A. G.

REVIEWS

Occult Novels. Novelists are beginning to realize the unlimited possibilities of reincarnation as a basis for the making of stories; furthermore, the "occult," or hidden side of things is receiving more and more attention from popular writers. We seldom pick up a magazine that does not have at least one story that comes within the special purview of the third object of The Theosophical Society, while of the writing of occult novels there is beginning to be no end. It would seem to be the duty of the Quarterly to mention these from time to time, although that usually results in a state of exasperation from which it takes some time to recover.

Since Bulwer Lytton we have had very little on occult themes which is in any way worthy of so great a subject. F. Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* almost belongs to theosophical literature, but his other essays into this type of literature were not so successful. Du Maurier was, at least, interesting. *Peter Ibbetson* is a charming tale that comes much closer to being possible than most efforts to describe the workings of the astral plane. He spoiled a good record by writing *The Martian,* which is thin and unconvincing. Perhaps the best occult story since Bulwer Lytton is Kipling's *Brushwood Boy,* which has human interest, literary excellence, and so far as the occult element is concerned, is quite possible, if not very probable. The underlying idea is similar to that of *Peter Ibbetson.* Even Mr. Sinnett, with all his advantages, was lamentably inadequate in his two efforts, *Karma,* and *United,* which are as impossible, artistically, as they are travesties of the occult. Marie Corelli has all the faults of Marie Corelli, and that is saying enough. W. L. Comfort, a new-comer in the field, several of whose books have been reviewed in the Quarterly, has as special characteristics a perfervid imagination fed on ignorance, and an almost total inability to write: and so it goes. The Quarterly would welcome a really good occult novel, for the world needs to have its attention turned away from the purely material interests of life, and even if we cannot wholly commend the novel as a means of propaganda, it reaches individuals who would not be reached in any other way.

One recent book, *The Promise of the Air,* by Algernon Blackwood, has been extensively advertised and favorably reviewed. People are talking about it. I do not know why. It is not interesting, and lacks substance. The theme is fantastic and leads nowhere. A lower middle class man, who is fond of birds, develops a type of irresponsibility and inconsequence which he and the author claim to be like the irresponsibility and inconsequence of birds. It is gay, almost joyous, at times, although through most of the book the sordid details of commonplace lower middle class keep him submerged. He marries, and one of his children, a girl, seems to inherit his lack of touch with the practical affairs of life. She is vibrant with life, and dances away until the end of the book. The book, by the way, ends, but the story does not. Nothing happens. The most exciting incident, and the climax of the story, is the move of the family to the country. You put the book down and wonder why it was written. It leads nowhere, suggests nothing, presents no ideal.

Mr. Blackwood is more fortunate, and so are we, in another story, a play about reincarnation, called *Karma,* and written in collaboration with Violet Pearn. This little work has a purpose and does suggest a good deal. A selfish, self-centered woman is about to ruin her husband's career by refusing to follow him to Egypt, where he is a successful and promising English civil servant. She has a vision of her three previous lives, in each of which her selfishness ruins her husband, and in the Epilogue, under the influence of her vision, she reforms, and everybody lives happily ever after. The foundations are there for an admirable play and one wishes that it had been better done.

Rider Haggard, in *Love Eternal,* departs from the magical extravagances of *She,* which, by the way, also coquettes with the idea of reincarnation, and gives us one of the best of recent occult novels. A couple who have often lived and loved before, contrive to wed and love again, in spite of adverse circumstance. There is an evil woman with a dangerous knowledge of practical occultism; there is also much about clairvoyance and hypnotism and other magical arts; but it is well done, not exaggerated unduly, not too unbelievable. The tone of the book is excellent; the moral standards are high; there is restraint; and there are many admirable passages which we wish we had space and time to copy out. One must serve.

"More than thirty years ago two atoms of the eternal Energy sped forth from the heart of it which we call God, and incarnated themselves in the human shapes that were destined to hold them for a while, as vases hold perfumes, or goblets wine, or as sparks of everlasting radium inhabit the bowels of the rock. Perhaps these two atoms, or essences, or monads indestructible, did but repeat an adventure, or many, many adventures. Perhaps again and again they had proceeded from that Home august and imperishable on certain mornings of the days of Time, to return thither at noon or nightfall, laden with the fruits of gained experience. So at least one of them seemed to tell the other before all was done and that other came to believe."

The book is well put together and we can recommend it to those who read novels.

Perhaps the best of recent occult books is, however, *The Ghost Garden,* by Amelie Rives. It is quite the most readable ghost story I have seen. Indeed, it is more than a story, for it is of novel length and is well sustained throughout. The authoress has read, studied and digested her theosophical books, and in this she is not quite fair, for she expresses contempt for the very teachings which have given her the information she uses in creating her story. The modern heroine has to fight for the possession of her lover with the Kama-lokic spook of a 17th century beauty, who survives almost complete, save for her physical body, and who is most realistically and convincingly unpleasant. It is not a book for nervous and imaginative people to read late at night, but it is a thrilling and exciting and admirably worked out novel, with the literary ability and artistic excellence of much of Amelie Rives' work, and it is free from the crudities and impossibilities which trip up most authors when they attempt to write about anything they know so little about as they do about the occult side of life. C. A. G.

A Defense of Idealism, by May Sinclair, published by the Macmillan Company. A very interesting, acute, and suggestive criticism of modern psychopathology and psychoanalysis, with such philosophical conclusions and suggestions as might be deduced from them. The book is brilliantly written, sustained throughout, and though precisely technical, is lucid to a degree. Inattention would be the only reason for re-reading a sentence. The concluding chapter, just because Miss Sinclair has pushed the logic of her arguments so hard, has more the force of actual

conclusions than Miss Sinclair herself would claim. She says: "It is not, and cannot be, a question of certainty. No reasonable person demands certainty at this time of day. The utmost he is entitled to demand is a certain balance of probabilities. Perhaps not even that. Perhaps only here a balance and there a chance, and there, again, an off chance, a bare possibility." So speaks the unaided intellect. Miss Sinclair, philosophically, or metaphysically, sums up by saying that her argument "supposes one infinite and absolute Spirit manifesting itself in many forms to many finite spirits"—in other words, a form of Monism. But "the greatest objection to the acceptance of this form of Monism turns on the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of conceiving *how* the selfhood of the finite selves is maintained in and through their fusion with the infinite Self." In other words, the Mind, which Theosophy and Hindu psychology for ages have recognized as *essentially* dual, and therefore incapable by nature of comprehending the unity of the Spirit, cannot see, even in its own experience, how it can be at once "individual" and also spiritually, consciously "one" with other selves, and the Self. The intellect says, "It is not, and cannot be, a question of certainty." The Soul—for lack of a better word—or the new-born "inward man" of St. Paul, would say: "Gain my state of consciousness, and you will see how it can be done. That is what religion and mysticism are all about."

Miss Sinclair does not see this. Mysticism, though real, is limited to the few, and so she has "given to mysticism a place apart." She admits that "mysticism is of immense interest and importance in Psychology"—no popular admission as yet with the strict schools; but instead of seeing in mysticism the key to all the future of human evolution—the index to the lines of man's future evolution—she sees in it only a rich and suggestive by-product, which must be studied for the light it throws on normal human processes. Miss Sinclair does not really or practically accept the spiritual world, and she knows nothing about its reflection, the psychic. (Until psychology accepts and investigates the latter, it will be forever astray.) Therefore Miss Sinclair speaks of the "dubious borderland" of "so-called supernatural powers"—unable to make any distinctions between the real and the counterfeit, and sweepingly stating that "neither the believer in magic nor the mystic knows what is really happening." This is a gratuitously unscientific statement; but, since Miss Sinclair's personal experience seems to have been unfortunate, we shall assume that this is one instance of her difficulty in writing "fairly" about mysticism, as well as about Theosophy. On page 265 she writes, in her chapter on "The New Mysticism," where she discusses Theosophy, "I find it hard to write fairly of Theosophy, possibly because I have suffered from theosophists." It would be well if all members of The Theosophical Society might learn the lesson of this and subsequent passages. We cannot blame Miss Sinclair for her feeling and attitude; we can only regret that her contact has been with those who use the name of Theosophy without any right to do so, and misuse it so grossly both in their conversation and in their manner of life. We should wish to make protest against any of the forms, self-styled Theosophical, about which Miss Sinclair writes, and to point out that they carry the negation of their own avowed principles in themselves. Her experience of "Theosophists" appears to have been limited to members of Mrs. Besant's Adyar Society and its offshoots. Miss Sinclair says:

"I hate it when a woman I disapprove of tells me that if I would only extinguish all my desires I should attain Nirvâna to-morrow. I know it. But I do not want to attain Nirvâna quite so soon. When I am eating chicken, and my host is eating lettuce, I resent his telling me that a vegetarian cannot endure the presence of a flesh-eater, but that he conceals his repulsion because he is holier than the flesh-eater. And I am really frightened when I am introduced to a female 'adept' who cannot walk through a churchyard without seeing what goes on in the graves, and who insists on describing what she has seen. Surely there is something very wrong here."

Miss Sinclair is right. But what she criticizes shows a total absence of Theosophy, in its most elementary forms, and not its presence. None the less, it is naturally difficult for Miss Sinclair, an onlooker, to distinguish between such insane counterfeits and the real *Theou-sophia,* which is one of St. Paul's names for the Christos. The possession of that would mean not less common sense and good manners—let alone goodness and wisdom—than the average, but of as much more than the average as the human Christ transcended the average man in just those essential respects.

The reviewer found Miss Sinclair's first chapter on Samuel Butler of unusual interest. Butler's premises and his logic force him face to face with reincarnation, but he does not realize it. Heredity simply cannot explain the dilemma in which he finds himself. Reincarnation would; but he turns aside into a quagmire of confusion, contradiction, and futility. Some interesting conclusions might be deduced from a careful comparison of James McTaggart's recent books with Butler's work.

Miss Sinclair's book embraces a wide range of scientific reading, surprising to one who knows her only through her novels. There are many epigrammatic statements that remain in the memory, and give food for thought. Such are: "I believe in Pragmatism as a branch and a very important branch of casuistry"; "To be degenerate is to fail to add the priceless gift of individuality to the achievement of the race"; ". . . Consciousness is a unity that could hardly be if there were no self over and above consciousness, unaffected by its multiplicity, its change the flux"; and, finally, "In our present existence we *are* Spirit, but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of Spirit far better than we know Spirit itself. . . . There are, after all, different kinds of certainty. . . . Our inner states do succeed each other at different rates of vibration, and what escapes us on the slow, steady swing, we seize when the pace quickens. . . . No reasoning allows or accounts for these moments. But lovers and poets and painters and musicians and mystics and heroes know them: moments when eternal Beauty is seized travelling through time; moments when things that we have seen all our lives without truly seeing them, the flowers in the garden, the trees in the field, the hawthorn on the hillside, change to us in an instant of time, and show the secret and imperishable life they harbour; moments when the human creature we have known all our life without truly knowing it, reveals its incredible godhead; moments of danger that are moments of sure and perfect happiness, because then the adorable Reality gives itself to our very sight and touch. There is no arguing against certainties like these."

A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 225.—*"Light on the Path" says: "Seek the way by retreating within." The Bible says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within." How can one learn to know this with one's heart, and to live in that Kingdom?*

If the Kingdom of Heaven is within, then the King must be there too. Is one to pray to that King? And in trying constantly to identify oneself with the Higher Self is there not danger of confusing the two, or is it true that the King and the Higher Self are one?

ANSWER.—One method of becoming conscious of the presence of God in our hearts is explained with great clearness in Part I, Chapter X, of *St. Teresa's Paternoster* by Frassinetti. St. Teresa says: "I endeavored, as best I could, to have always present within me Jesus Christ, our Supreme Good and our Lord; and this was my manner of prayer." The first means then, to be employed, Frassinetti says, in order to acquire an abiding sense of the presence of God, is *to exercise our memory,* by frequently calling to mind that *God is* within us. There should be no more difficulty in this than there would be in calling to mind, a thousand times a day were there any occasion for it, that we have a heart within our breast. That we do not understand how this can be is of no consequence. We should not trouble ourselves in the least over what we do not understand, but carry out in practice whatever little we can see, and the Lord will gradually make us taste something of what was previously unintelligible to us. As Frassinetti says, it is experience and not intellectual ability that gives understanding in these matters. No intellect, however powerful, and no learning, however great, would give an understanding of sweetness to one who had never tasted anything sweet, whereas experience gives it at once to the most stupid.

St. Teresa says further: "If we can do this many times in the course of the day, let us do so; if not, let us do it at least sometimes; for when we shall have accustomed ourselves to it, we will derive great benefits therefrom sooner or later. Once the Lord shall have granted this favor to us, we will not barter it for any earthly treasure, but nothing is gained without a little trouble. For the love of God, my sisters, consider as well employed whatever care you bestow on this matter; for I well know that if you practice it for a year, or even, perhaps for six months, you will, with God's help, obtain this favor."

But the "palace of our soul" must be given up entirely to Him, for "if we crowd this palace with rabble and trumpery toys, how can it contain our Lord with His entire court." We have His promise, "If ye love me and keep my commandments, I and my Father will come and make our abode with you."

There is danger of confusion through trying to identify ourselves with the Higher Self, as may be seen in Christian Science and similar teaching, where that which is true only of the higher is asserted of the lower. It is, however, also true that there is more danger in not trying and thus permitting ourselves to remain under the dominion of the lower through continuing to regard it as "ourselves" and its desires as "our" desires. To identify ourselves with the higher we must detach ourselves from the lower and must remember that it is the soul

that is one with the oversoul, not the personality. The ocean is within the sponge, but the sponge does not contain the ocean. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 226.—A. *Is it not the excessive materialism of the so-called better classes that creates socialism?*

Take only two incidents that come quickly to mind: 1. *I think it was in* 1915 *that a daughter of Premier Asquith was married, her wedding festivities costing* $50,000. *Mrs. Sidney Webb, the Socialist writer, sent an open letter to Queen Mary protesting against such wanton extravagance in the midst of widespread anguish and deprivation.*

2. *The next incident is nearer home. Although the United States Government is urging upon employers as a patriotic duty that they shall adopt shorter hours to safeguard the life and health of women and child workers, the State of Massachusetts, the second largest employer of women in the United States, refused the past winter through its Legislature to shorten the working day for women and children to eight hours, although the State has a stringent law prohibiting the employment of men by State or municipality for more than eight hours per day or forty-eight hours a week.*

B—*In the July* QUARTERLY, *in the article on "Self Examination," among a list of questions I find, "Do I possess anything superfluous?" Please discuss that question at length.*

Judged by apostolic standards, there is scarcely any one so poor as not to possess superfluities. Yesterday I bought a ten-cent bunch of sweet peas to carry back to my apartment remote from trees, grass, or flowers; but conscience whispered "That would feed a French war orphan for a day." Did I do wrong?

I can imagine a person so highly developed spiritually as to be largely unconscious of material surroundings. Is the sense of beauty merely a crutch to lead us on to these higher levels of existence? Perhaps something similar is true of the affections as expressed in the lines:

"Something to love
God lends us, but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off: and love is left alone."

ANSWER.—The QUARTERLY has found it necessary almost to debar discussions of sociological problems because it has discovered from experience that the querents of such problems, even when honest, have a point of view that makes discussion useless, and which sometimes leads to heated feeling. To be quite frank, if one person looks at the world and all that is contained therein from a materialistic standpoint, as all Socialists do, whether they realize it or not, and another person looks at such great questions from the standpoint of the spirit, the evolution of the human soul, there is no common ground upon which they can get together.

If you believe that a person cannot be religious on an empty stomach you naturally want to fill his stomach, and you are bound to regard the problem of food as all important. But if you realize that history teaches that people find it easier to be religious on an empty stomach than on a full one, then your center of interest and attention passes on beyond people's stomachs.

If you believe that the working classes need leisure in order to be able to commune with their souls, it is quite proper to advocate shorter hours for working people. But if you realize that history teaches that very very few persons ever make a good use of leisure, you transfer your pity from the working man to the wealthy leisure class whom most people are inclined to envy.

What is the use of discussing specific problems of this nature, when the difficulty is an irreconcilable difference of view about the fundamentals of life and evo-

lution? Jesus said that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven; yet the programs of most social reformers fly directly in the face of this explicit statement. They want every one to be rich and prosperous and to have plenty of leisure. The fact that if they had, they would start straight for Hell and travel there with great rapidity, does not seem to worry the social reformers. Perhaps, in spite of all human experience, they do not believe it, but those who have really studied Theosophy do. They also believe that the Rulers of the Universe give every one just as much leisure and wealth and surcease of trouble and anxiety of all kinds as is good for them, and no more; and as the world is full of poverty and hunger, and pain and suffering, in spite of reformers, it would obviously be unwise to set up our judgment in the face of that of Providence, and to advocate any rearrangement of social and political conditions. Personally, we believe that all reforms should start with the individual—and pretty nearly end there.

The querent asks about the $50,000 spent on Miss Asquith's wedding and the 10 cents on her bunch of flowers. We cannot undertake to reply to either case. Whether these acts were right or wrong depends upon the motive which lay back of them, and not at all upon the so-called good which the money might have done if spent in some other way.. The amount, of course, has nothing to do with it.

C. A. G.

ANSWER.—There is a story that certain Bolshevik leaders issued an edict that the liturgy of the Russian Church should be modernized to conform to the revolution. The phrases the "Kingdom of Heaven" and the "Lord God" were forbidden, and it was ordered that the "Republic of Heaven" and "President God" should be substituted for them.

Were it not for the implications of this story there could be little doubt that democracies arise only through the failure of an aristocracy to justify its name—the failure of those who are regarded as the best to fulfil the responsibilities that must inevitably attach to the best, to finer sensibility, deeper insight, greater knowledge and power. They are very heavy responsibilities, as each of us knows; for in one relation or another—the mother in her nursery or in the direction of her servant, the schoolboy in his relations with younger lads—each of us is called upon to be the aristocrat and to learn the difficulty of the position and that rights and duties cannot be separated. The mother rightly blames herself for a revolt in the nursery.

Yet it is obvious that this is not all of the truth. The implications of the Bolshevik edict cannot be wholly ignored. No thinking man can readily attribute the revolt of the evil in his nature, against the divine will, to a failure of the spiritual powers of righteousness. In Christian theology we can, and do, attribute it to the devil, to the failure of one once far above us in the spiritual hierarchy. But we do not attribute it to a failure of the whole principle and fact of a spiritual hierarchy and decide that there must hereafter be no Lord God. We see rather, that the individual failure of the prince of darkness has made us conscious of a power of choice of which we otherwise might not have been conscious. We are aware that we can revolt, that we can attempt to disregard duty, to challenge the divine order and seek self. Though we have very little power of originality, we can choose what we will imitate; and our choice judges us.

The outer world is but the reflection of the inner. The same principles govern both. We can look to the "so-called better classes" and see much failure, much materialism, much neglect of duty, and much self-seeking; or we may see the opposite, consistent self-giving, service and self-sacrifice. We choose which we will imitate, which we will desire for ourselves; and according to our choice we must be judged.

Socialism is undoubtedly fostered by the materialism of those that should be "the best." But it is so fostered because it is the fruits of such materialistic self-seeking that the convert to socialism envies. He wishes to indulge himself as he sees others indulge themselves; to throw off moral restraint as they have thrown it off; to claim rights as he sees others claim them; to neglect and deny duty as they appear to do. No revolt is needed by the man who would emulate the good, who would give himself, instead of seeking for himself. He finds his opportunity limitless in the world exactly as it is. And this is the proof that the world is under divine law.

There could be little profit in our attempting to decide how much money some one else should have spent upon the marriage of his daughter. Perhaps the Prime Minister of Great Britain was extravagant, but it in no way compels the institution of socialism to enable us to be economical. Nor is it clear why the refusal of the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a law limiting women and children's labor to eight hours a day should lead us to believe that we will be better governed under a socialistic state of ignorant, even if collective, self-seeking. We might doubt the wisdom of placing legal limitations upon the length of time a man should work, and criticize the legislature for the bill they did pass, as well as for the one they rejected. We might argue that the work for which women and children are employed is often not physically onerous, and that it is no real hardship for a boy, who must earn his living, to be in a doctor's office to answer the telephone and door bell from eight to one and from two to six. (We know of one lad who fitted himself for college during such employment.) But all of this would be beside the mark. Be the action of others wise or foolish, good or evil, the established order that we find about us requires no change to enable us to seek wisdom and to serve the good. It is only as we seek the opposite that we find circumstances a barrier. Let us remember what the Gita tells us: "The duty of another is full of danger."

The question of the ten-cent bunch of flowers goes really very deep, perhaps because the principle involved is very simple. Nothing can be gained or done save at a cost. *Il faut payer la vie.* Is what we do worth the cost? With each breath we draw, with each step we take, we transform other forms of life into our own. We destroy life (if we do not realize that life cannot be destroyed but only transmuted) in order that we ourselves may live—the life of plants, and animals, and myriads upon myriads of infinitesimal vital organisms, none the less vital because minute. What does our life give back to the sum total of being to justify this cost? Is the great whole better and richer for the transformation we make in it? Is that which we create worth more than what we destroy?

What was the fruit of that ten-cent expenditure on flowers? Was the world of thought and feeling purer, sweeter, more wholesome and more beautiful because a human heart gave of its vitality to something pure and sweet and wholesome and beautiful? Is the realm of thought and feeling more potent than the physical, so that the world may be the richer for physical loss if there be sentient gain? The dime the flowers cost is but a symbol of a cost far greater. Was it made to yield a profit?

It is not the cost that we must look to, but the balance of profit or loss. That which is "superfluous" is that which yields no profit adequate to the expenditure. Let us remember the parable of the talents when we look upon the life with which we are entrusted—and most particularly when we look upon the lives or gifts of others. To the man who was given but one talent, nine of those given to the man with ten may well have seemed a superfluity. Yet it was his one that was "superfluous," lying buried in the earth, not his fellow's ten, that yielded other ten by being spent in ways whose profit he himself could not foresee nor comprehend.

H. B. M.

STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather,	$.75
Cavé. Fragments, Volume I.	boards,	.60
Volume II.	boards,	.60
Dream of Ravan.		1.00
Johnston, Charles. Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth,	1.00
	limp leather, India paper,	1.50
From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather,	.75
Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper,	.20
Patanjali's Yoga Sutras. (New Edition)	Translated, annotated,	1.25
Song of Life, The.	paper,	.30
Judge, William Q. Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; cloth, .50; leather,	.75
Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.		.50
Volume II.		.75
Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather,	.75
Through the Gates of Gold.		.50

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katharine. A Primer of Theosophy.	paper,	.05
Idyll of the White Lotus. A Novel.		.75
Judge, William Q. Culture of Concentration.	paper,	.10
Ocean of Theosophy.		.75
Keightley, Archibald. Theosophy as an Influence in Life.	paper,	.10
Spiritual Life, The.	paper,	.10
Mitchell, Henry B. Meditation.	paper,	.20
Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper,	.20
Sinnett, A. P. Esoteric Buddhism.		1.35
Karma. A Novel.		.75
Occult World, The.		1.35

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from magazines),	2.50
Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form),	2.00
Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II.		12.50
Hartmann, Franz. Magic, White and Black.		2.00
Hillard, Katharine. Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine.		2.00
Walker, E. D. Reincarnation.		1.00

These, and any other books on Theosophical, Religious, and Philosophical subjects, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.